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Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

[From the Boston Weekly Museum.]

Midnight Music.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

What maketh music—when the bird
Doth hush its merry lay?
And the sweet spirit of the flowers
Hath sighed itself away?—
What maketh music, when the frost
Enchains the murmuring rill
And every song that summer woke
In winter's trance is still?

What maketh music, when the winds
In strong encounter rise—
When ocean strikes his thunder gong,
And the reel cloud replies?—
While no adventurous plover dares
The midnight arch to dash,—
And in its startled dream,—the babe
Doth clasp its mother's neck?

And when the fierce storm-spirit hath
Wild o'er the pilgrim swept,—
And early psalm voices chain the hopes
He from the land hath kept,—
When love the threatening passions rear,
Like foes in theory,
And vengeful tongues talk—in the closet,—
What maketh music then?

The deed to humble virtue born,
Which nursing memory taught
To shun a heedful world's applause,
And love the lowly thought,—
The hidden cell within the heart
Amid the busy throng,—
And trembling high its heavenward harp,
Make midnight music there.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

KATE DOUGLASS:

OR, PHILADELPHIA IN 1776.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE STANLEY MANSION.

Not far from Independence Hall, and within sight of that venerable structure, there stood, in 1776, a mansion of considerable pretensions.—Its dark stone doorway, its large windows, and the elaborate carving of the hall betokened it the residence of some person of wealth and consideration. It stood a short distance back from the street, and was surrounded by a garden, terminating at its lower extremity in an ancient orchard of apple trees, which, with their low, spreading branches and thick foliage, gave a rural beauty to the house.

It was in the month of June, of the year above mentioned, when a gentleman knocked at the door of this dwelling, and inquiring for its owner by name, was ushered into the parlor. This apartment was large, and communicated to the ceiling. It had two deep windows facing the street, while at the opposite extremity was an elaborately carved mantel-piece, on either side of which a door, respectively, led into a small bed room, opened into a similar room in the rear. The floor was bare except in the centre, where a superb Turkey carpet, with a rich border around it like that of a modern drawing room, appeared. Against the walls stood, at regular distances, tall, erect, high chairs of mahogany, with strait backs, but legs curved, and the foot carved to resemble a lion's claw clasping a ball. One or two tables, to match these stiff, yet nevertheless aristocratic chairs, were also placed against the walls. A spinnet of mahogany inlaid with some lighter wood, stood on one side of the room; and a sofa, covered in crimson damask, as the chairs, on the others. Before the huge fire-place, which was now of course unused, stood a beautiful Chinese screen, composed of small panels of white muslin set in a frame of some dark wood, each panel painted with a different scene in the richest style of the Celestial artists.

The gentleman alluded to, attracted by a picture hung in one of the recesses of the mantel-piece, walked in that direction to examine the painting. It was a portrait of a lady in the bloom of youth, but attired in the costume of the preceding generation. The face was exquisitively fair, a style of loveliness much increased by the powdered hair then in vogue, especially when the dress, as in this case, was black. An air of melancholy hung over the features of the picture, and, as the visitor gazed, his own expression became more sad, when his countenance assumed a striking resemblance to that of the portrait. The same eyes of deep blue; the same noble contour of face; and the same expressive mouth were visible in the gazer; and in the face the artist had limned; but the complexion of the one was browned by exposure, and his hair was of the color of chestnut and not of gold, as was that of the female. As he stood there, attired in the rich fashion of a gentleman of that day, he would have struck any one as a man singularly handsome both in face and figure.

'And so,' he said, soliloquizing, 'this was my mother, who died in giving me birth. Ah! would that she had lived to guide me with her dear counsels now, when I have no one in the wide world to look to for advice. An orphan since my earliest childhood, for most of my life at school in a foreign land, I never knew what it was to have a home, or any one to love me. And now I am to meet, for the first time, that uncle, her brother, who, because she married for worth and not for fortune, would never see her more. It is strange that he should have allowed her portrait to hang in his parlor, but perhaps it has only been placed here since he relented, and resolved to make her son his heir. I have heard he is singular as well as stern, but though for my parent's sake, I accept his offered reconciliation, he will find, if he attempts to make me his slave, as I have heard he wished her to be, that the blood of a Mowbry brooks unjust restraint no easier than that of a Stanley. But, pshaw, of what am I thinking? An almost penniless cadet, I am summoned from England and offered one of the richest inheritances in the colonies, and forsooth, before I have been five minutes in my uncle's house, I am speculating about a quarrel.'

He smiled as he spoke, and was about to walk to a seat in another part of the room, when suddenly he heard the door in the opposite recess open, followed by the rustling of a female dress, while immediately the form of a tall and singularly graceful girl crossed the parlor with a light foot-tap, and began to arrange some flowers in a vase that stood on a table between the front windows. The back of this lovely creature was towards him, but, as she executed her pretty task, her face was turned occasionally half around, and Mowbry thought he had never seen anything so charming. It was not that the features were so regularly beautiful, for perhaps the forehead was too broad for a classic model, and the nose was slightly turned up, but then the mouth was rarivaled, the complexion bewitching, and the eyes sparkling with mingled mischief and sentiment. As she arranged the flowers, she hummed a sportive air, pausing now and then to admire the effects she produced.—It was evident she was unaware of the presence of a spectator. So light was her every movement, and so sprightly her whole air, that Mowbry knew not whether to think he saw some fairy sprite or a being of real flesh and blood.

'Heigho!' she said, at last, when her task was finished, 'what dull mornings these are. So much politics that one never sees a beau. I am dying of ennui for want of a flirtation. Not a new book worth reading either since Goldsmith's last poem. Now if I only had some one to talk to. I might manage to get along.'

Though Mowbry had never seen this fair creature before, he somehow felt immediately at home, and he answered almost unconsciously in the same spirit with which she spoke.

'And why will not I do?' he said, advancing a step, with a smile and one of the profound bows of that courtly age.

At the unexpected sound of a voice, and that voice belonging to a stranger, the young female started, and looked around. Her color was heightened, and her eyes flashed proudly, while she measured Mowbry for a moment with a scornful look. It seemed to him, indeed, as if her very form expanded. Standing with her foot thrown back, and her bosom swelling indignantly, she looked, as he often afterward told her, every inch a queen.

But Mowbry, instead of flinching before the angry beauty, only smiled the more, and seemed in fact, rather to enjoy the scene. When, however, he noticed the color deepening on her cheek, and her lip compressing as if at an insult, he said—

'I believe I must introduce myself, Mr. Mowbry, a nephew of Mr. Stanley, and, I believe, for some time an expected guest. I have lingered in New York longer than was allowable, perhaps, but had I heard that some unknown deity presided, as I find, in my uncle's house, I should have come by express.'

The frown of the beauty cleared off at his name, but her lip curled at the concluding words.

'Spare your compliments, Mr. Mowbry,' she said, 'for like the lords of Congress, they do not go down here.' Then changing her whole manner, as she saw him color at her rebuke, she advanced, and tendering him frankly her hand, added, 'but I must introduce myself. I am called Catharine Douglass by my godmothers, but Kate by a wicked world, and am a humble niece of your good uncle's. I live here, as you will hereafter; and so destiny has intended us, I suppose, for friends; on which supposition I give you my hand.'

'A niece of Mr. Stanley! Then you must remain to me,' answered Mowbry, rather eagerly.

'Not so fast,' cried the sprightly girl, withdrawing her hand quickly, 'for I am a niece of his deceased wife, and no connexion whatever of yours; for which I devoutly thank the stars, if you give such cousin shakes as that. Why my poor fingers are dislocated, I verily believe.' And she pressed them between those of her other hand, and made a pretty grimace as if in pain.

'What a wild, yet fascinating creature she is, and what a treasure to find her here,' said Mowbry to himself; then he added aloud, 'pray forgive me, but I was so glad to count cousin with somebody, that I scarcely was aware what I did. I have never known a relative of any kind since I was a child.'

'You have not?' she said, catching something of the sadness with which he had made his confession, and lifting her eyes in sympathy to his face.

'No. I lost my mother at my birth, and my father five years after. My nearest connexion in England, where I was when he died, did not wish to be troubled with me, but sent me out to a school, from which, in due time, I passed to the University. Since then I have served in a diplomatic station abroad, and have been little in England; but, had I lived there, I think I should scarcely have sought those who neglected me when a child. I often wished I had a sister.'

'Did you? Then let me be one,' said Kate, again proffering her hand: for her sensitive soul was deeply affected by the heart felt emotion in which his simple narrative had been told.

Mowbry pressed the tiny fingers thus again offered to him, but did not speak; his eyes, however, looked the thanks he could not express. The tenderness might soon have become embarrassing, but Kate, in a moment, smiling up at Mowbry, said—

'This is better than having a cousin, is it not? For my part I think it delightful that you are to be my brother—you are quite presentable, I declare, only rather a giant.' Then as her eye caught sight of their figures reflected in an opposite mirror, she solemnly ranged herself by his side, and continued, 'why you are a perfect Hercules compared with such a poor little child as myself.'

Mowbry thought her anything but a child in mind or person, but did not venture to tell her so, after the rebuff his first compliment had received. Though slighter and shorter than himself, she was tall for her sex, reaching above his shoulder, which few women did. They were standing thus, side by side, laughing and talking as if they had known each other a year, when Mr. Stanley entered the room.

'Stole a march on me, I declare, Kate,' he said. 'Here I find you and Mowbry making love before I can even hobble down stairs to meet him. Oh, ho, you cunning puss, you need not blush. Glad to see you, Mr. Mowbry—look very much like my poor sister—pray take a seat—there, I declare, that saucy minx has run away and left me to get acquainted with you as I can. But I hope we are friends already.'

CHAPTER II.

A PARTY IN '76.

Weeks passed. Mowbry had become settled in his new abode, and was publicly acknowledged as his uncle's heir. A round of entertainments, given partly to him, and partly to some strangers of distinction, made the aristocratic circles of Philadelphia particularly lively that summer, and as Philadelphia was then considered the capital of the country, and regarded as the wealthiest American city, these circles were of course unusually brilliant.

His acquaintance with Kate progressed with great rapidity. Indeed, nothing like reserve had been known between them since their first interview. Under the name of brother Mowbry had advanced at once to intimacy; he read with Kate, walked with her, rode with her, and generally was her cavalier on all occasions.—Such companionship between two young persons of opposite sexes is always dangerous to the peace of one or both, especially when the lady is beautiful and fascinating like our heroine. Kate was a girl whose conversation, if she had been absolutely plain in face, would have made a listener forget it; what then was the influence she exercised when to talent was added loveliness! A delightful rankness, a sprightliness that rarely flagged, and a wide observation of life and manners for one so young, rendered her a companion peculiarly dangerous to Mowbry. Long before he knew it, he was irrevocably in love, but so familiar was their intercourse, that he did not discover the state of his heart until a trifling incident awoke his jealousy.

An evening party in 1776 was a very different affair from what it is now. The guests assembled at an early hour, invariably in pairs, and it was considered a breach of etiquette for a gentleman to pay much attention except to his partner. Conversation was the staple amusement of the evening. On some occasions there was a dance, more frequently music, but oftener neither.

One morning Kate looked up from her sewing, and said to Mowbry, who was loitering at the window—

'Are you going to Mrs. P——'s to-night?'

'Yes, I have accepted an invitation from Mr. Despencer, to accompany him.'

Mowbry had been carelessly tapping the pane, but at these words he suddenly faced Kate, and with an air of pique and anger, said—

'I thought you went with me—you always do—it is a standing engagement.'

His tone aroused the high spirit of Kate, and she answered, with a heightened color.

'Indeed, sir, I knew no such thing. Not at liberty to go with whom I like—'

'I did not mean to say that exactly,' replied Mowbry, haughtily. 'But I thought—I believe—'

Kate's little fingers were plying the needle twice as briskly as before, but this was the only sign of agitation on her part, and she answered peremptorily.

'But me, no buts, sir. What did you mean to say, if not that? Why should I not go with Mr. Despencer?'

'I do not like him. He is a conceited puppy of an Englishman, who, because his uncle is an earl, fancies he is better than anybody in the colonies. Yet who were his ancestors? Accountants, they may have black boots for the Douglasses or Stanleys, for all I know—they rose from nothing, and have no title the earldom a single generation yet.'

'I thought you despised birth,' answered Kate, with a smile. The taunt was the more provoking, because, not an hour before, Mowbry had been expatiating on the superiority of merit over rank.

'And so I do,' answered he, though stammeringly and embarrassed. 'So I do. But this fellow is such a popinjay.'

'Who his manners are considered a model,' retorted Kate.

'He is forever quoting French, which I know you do not understand, how can you bear that?' said he, with a sneer.

'I answer him in Latin, of which he is as ignorant. We colonial ladies, I am aware, know little of French literature, but, like Lady Jane Grey, we understand the dead languages better than you gentlemen.

Mowbry bit his lip, and looked out of the window in silence; at last he said somewhat sullenly,

'Then you mean to go with this Parisian fop?'

'Certainly.'

'False and heartless—'

What more his passion would have hurried him into saying, we do not know, for, at these words, Kate rose to her feet and faced the speaker, her eyes flashing with indignation and contempt.

'What do you mean, sir, by addressing me thus? What gives you the right to control me? Oh! if I was a man,' she added, 'you would not dare to insult me with your tyrannical whims. I would teach you, sir, that the blood of a Douglass lives still in their descendant, though one of the humblest.'

Mowbry actually retreated from the indignant beauty. Before he could recover from the surprise of the address, Kate, with a scornful curl of the lip, turned away, picked up her work-basket, and without even a courtesy, left the apartment. If he had thought of an apology, he was too proud to follow her with it after this contemptuous treatment; so he took his hat and sauntered out. Before he returned he had made an engagement with one of the belles of the city, to escort her to the assembly that evening.

Mowbry, when he saw Kate enter with her partner, felt to confess, in spite of his anger with her, that she never had looked lovelier. The altercation of the morning had called a brighter color than usual to her cheeks, and from some cause or another she was in high spirits. She conversed animatedly with her handsome attendant, who appeared perfectly devoted to her. During the course of the evening, she and Mowbry, with their respective partners, were thrown together in one corner of the parlor.

'I understand,' said Mr. Despencer, with a shrug of contempt, 'that the Congress passed a Declaration of Independence to-day, and that they have ordered it to be printed to-morrow, from the State House. What do you think of it, Mr. Mowbry?'

At this period the aristocratic circle of Philadelphia was decidedly opposed to severing the connexion between the colonies and the mother country. Even those persons whose sympathies had been heretofore American, regarded the act as premature, hence the speaker expected a prompt assent to his implied censure. But Mowbry, though educated abroad, leaned to the popular side, and the events of the day having soured his temper, he answered with uncommon bitterness—

'I think the sooner the colonies accept it, sir, and drive every foreigner out of the country, the better. I am an American, and not fond of seeing the heel of a tyrant on the necks of my fellow citizens.'

His hearer's face flushed with momentary anger, but he was too brave a man to seek a personal insult in the words of Mowbry, so he contented himself by answering with cutting irony.

'Methinks so fiery a knight as you seem to be, Mr. Mowbry, would prefer fighting with Mr. Washington to playing the carpet knight here. They say your great militia captain wants men of mettle amazingly.'

Kate saw that the conversation was likely to become angrier, and thought it time to interfere. Had she been on her old terms with Mowbry, she would have taken his part, for her woman's heart was with her suffering country, and that in spite of the half fory atmosphere with which she was surrounded; but offended at Mowbry's caprice, and piqued that he had not made an apology before this, she said, laying her hand on Mr. Despencer's arm, and rising—

'Come, I see Mrs. Morris beckoning to me, and you must escort me across the room. Her husband can tell us, I suppose, all about this Declaration of Independence, for he is a member of the Congress; and I confess I am dying to hear more about it. We will leave you here,' she continued, turning archly to Mr. Mowbry's partner, 'to convert my fiery cousin, or, if that fails, to enlist with him. If Venus cannot soothe Mars, Minerva can accompany him to the field; and you, my dear Miss, can play either goddess at will.'

Perhaps Kate could have said nothing more cutting to Mowbry. Aware, at last, that he was in love, her indifference maddened him; yet he had the good sense to see that he had already ruined himself for the rest of the evening, to act more guardedly.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST FOURTH.

The next day there was to be a breakfast party at Mr. Stanley's, and, after the meal was over, the guests assembled in the great parlor. This was the apartment which we described, in the first chapter of our narrative; and, from its windows, a view was commanded, across some open lots, of the State House.

This venerable structure, at that time, presented a widely different appearance from what it does now. The grounds in its rear were not laid out in graved walks and grass plats, as at present, but were wild and rude, with only here and there a tree sprinkled about. Neither of the buildings now erected at the corners of Fifth and Sixth streets, were standing, nor were the long rows of offices between them and the State House. The old pile itself, however, presented much the same appearance as now, except that the steeple then had no spire, but consisted simply of a square wooden tower, rising one story above the roof, and surmounted by two octagonal belfries, with dome-like tops.

Crowds had been [illegible] for some time, in both the front and rear of the building, and exactly at the hour of noon struck, the great bell of the State House began to toll. After it had rung for some time, the rushing of the spectators in the direction of the door facing the South, announced that the chief point of curiosity was there. The guests, grouped at the windows of Mr. Stanley's mansion, now beheld a man elevated above the crowd on some temporary platform, and holding in his hands a sheet, from which he proceeded to read. It was impossible to hear at the distance, but several of the gentlemen took their hats and joined the crowd, among them Mr. Despencer, Mowbry, and others. They thus heard that immortal document read for the first time, to a public assembly,—that declaration of man's indefeasible rights, which since has shaken the thrones of half a world. When it was over, and the crowd dispersed, the party returned to the house, all more or less thoughtful.

Mr. Despencer had, by this time, forgotten his altercation with Mowbry the evening before. Though prejudiced in favor of his own country, he was any thing but the coxcomb a jealous rival represented him: and indeed he was now filled with serious misgivings as to the result of the struggle between America and England.—Hitherto, though blood had been shed on both sides, there had been hopes of an accommodation, but the Declaration of Independence had now forever set a seal of separation between the mother country and the colonies.

'I must confess that this has been an imposing ceremony, even to one accustomed to the pomp of courts,' remarked Despencer, when the party was reassembled, breaking a silence of some continuance. 'It is time, too, I hear, that the bell which tolled to announce this separation of America from England, has the remarkable motto, which your John Adams claims to be prophetic of this event.'

'It has,' answered Kate, to whom Despencer appealed by a look. 'I remember it well, for I have often read it off the bell. "Proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound." It is a text from Isaiah.'

'It will proclaim the death warrants rather of the demagogues who have brought things to this pass,' said Mr. Stanley, whose prejudices were all on the side of royalty. 'And yet there are some who have signed that instrument, whom I should be sorry to see executed for traitors, as I fear they will be. My friend Morris, for instance, and one or two gentlemen of birth and breeding.'

'I confess,' said Mowbry, 'I do not see how any American can hesitate to favor the declaration. For my part I am for Independence, heart and soul.'

Kate's eyes met his, for a moment, with a flash which puzzled him; it might mean admiration or anger. But Mr. Stanley rose from his chair, every feature of his face working with passion, and advanced directly toward his nephew, while a profound silence fell on the guests, as if all instinctively foresaw the explosion which was coming.

'What do I hear?' exclaimed Mr. Stanley, almost breathless with rage, addressing Mr. Mowbry. 'Repeat those words again!' And he struck his cane, which his gout compelled him always to carry, fiercely on the floor.

Mowbry had made up his mind for this avowal, the night before; and he felt a secret exultation that it would be publicly witnessed by Kate and his dreaded rival. 'She may not love him,' he said to himself, 'but she shall see that I can sacrifice everything for principle; will her English lover do as much?'

Thus feeling, he returned his uncle's angry look, and mildly but firmly answered—

'I am for the Independence of my country; and feel it my duty, in this crisis, to assume arms in her behalf.'

If a thunderbolt had fallen on the assembly, it could not have produced a more startling effect than these words; for the stern and unforgiving character of Mr. Stanley was as well known as his loyalty. A gasp for breath passed through the room, and then all was, for a moment, still. Kate had risen instinctively, and grasped Despencer's arm, where she stood, pale as death, and with her lips parted in terror.—Mowbry noted this well, but he attributed her agitation only to natural womanly concern; while her seeking refuge and support from Despencer, in the moment of alarm, he regarded as more unequivocal. 'She loves him,' he thought; and, with this bitter reflection, he could have looked death in the face without flinching.

But what a contrast to his high, calm air, was the excited manner of Mr. Stanley. His face red with passion, his whole frame trembling as if in an ague fit, the uncle tottered up to his nephew, shaking his cane in Mowbry's face.

'Out of my house this instant,' he cried. 'I disinherit you from this hour. Do you dare to talk treason here, you young villain? Oh! you may well retreat,' he continued, as Mowbry stepped back to avoid being struck. 'If I was younger I would call you out; as it is I have a great mind to lay my cane across you.'

The nephew mastered his passion, and said, with strange coolness—

'Do not strike me, Mr. Stanley, for you are an old man and [illegible]'

One of the gentlemen simultaneously laid his hand soothingly on the arm of the excited uncle, who, controlled by the act, turned and nodded obedience. Bringing his cane down to the floor violently, however, he continued—

'I will not demean myself to strike you, sir; and I beg pardon of these ladies for my passion. But,' he added, elevating his still fine form proudly, 'the Stanleys, father and son, have been true to their king since they crossed the channel in the train of the conqueror; and so, too, I have heard the Mowbrys have ever been also. To see one of their descendants now deserting royal master, and leagueing with a parcel of traitors, puts me besides myself. He is the last of either line, too,' said the old man sadly, 'but God wills it so, I suppose.'

The tone in which these words were spoken thrilled every heart in the room, and almost made the tears spring to Mowbry's eyes. He knew that his uncle loved him, and felt how bitter his present conduct must be to the old man; he, therefore after a pause, said respectfully—

'Mr. Stanley, my opinions are conscientious ones, as are yours—and each of us must act as we think to be right. God above will judge our hearts. I feel that, hereafter, in this world I must be a stranger to all in this company,' and he glanced at Kate, but her eyes were on the floor she was weeping, though he knew it not—so looking down a last pang, he said, 'but, in Heaven, perhaps, we may meet again. I go forth a homeless, nameless man, an out cast from my family; but I shall be all the fitter, perhaps, to die for freedom.'

He felt that he would show weakness if he remained, so, taking a last glance around the room, and seeing that Kate still averted her head, he rushed from the apartment. In the hall he flung a gathering tear from his eye, grasped his hat, and left the house.

His uncle stood speechless with amazement during Mowbry's last address; but when the hall door had clanged to after the exile, the old man gave a vacant look around, uttered a groan, and fell to the floor in fit of apoplexy.

The free use of the lancet, however, restored him to consciousness; but it was long before he left his bed. Kate watched by him like a daughter, and often in tears, for which, as the sufferer noticed them, he blessed her.

'I am glad you did not love that wicked boy, my dear girl,' he said. 'It was the dream of my age to see you and he united before I died; but it is fortunate I said nothing of it, I would now sooner be cold you in your coffin.'

Kate shuddered, and her tears fell faster—She felt that the old man, as well as the exile was deceived, and that she must bear her sorrow in silence and alone.

CHAPTER IV.

TRENTON.

The night was black and threatened storm.—The Delaware surged sullenly along, the ice grinding and splitting with the tide; while the giant trees, that overhung its banks, tossed their skeleton arms in the wind, groaning as if in agony. A few stars were occasionally seen on high, but they were visible only for a moment, before driving clouds hid them from sight.

It was the night of the twenty-fourth of December, 1776, a time that will ever be memorable in American annals. Washington, after having been defeated at Long Island, had endeavored subsequently to make a stand in New York, but had been forced to retreat through New Jersey, his army dwindling from twenty thousand to three thousand, while the British, general at the head of nearly thirty thousand troops, thundered in pursuit. Throwing the Delaware between him and the royal army, Washington had gained a breathing spell for his men. But he soon discovered that this inaction would not do: that, if persisted in, the country was lost. The British had already overrun New Jersey, and hundreds of former patriots, believing the cause of freedom shipwrecked, were endeavoring to preserve their lives and property by giving in their adhesion to the royal cause.—Every day added to the number of those who thus deserted the popular side. In this emergency, Washington determined on a midnight march to Trenton, hoping to cut off a detachment of the royal troops there, and perhaps, save his countrymen at the same time, from ruin.

Seated on a beehive, with the [illegible] upon the ground for his [illegible] had been placed wrapped in his military cloak, meditation, and watched anxiously the progress of the [illegible] struggling amid the drifting ice, they made their slow and toilsome progress from the Pennsylvania to the Jersey side. Hour after hour had passed since he assumed this post, nor had he left it except for a brisk walk along the river bank occasionally, to keep his blood from congealing. Every quarter of an hour or more an officer would approach for orders, or to give intelligence, and the conversation that ensued, was usually in brief words on the part of Washington, showing the pre-occupation of his mind.—At last a tall and soldierly figure approached.

'Ah! is that you, Mowbry?' said the hero.

'It is, your excellency,' was the reply. 'I have been sent by Gen. Knox to inform you that the artillery and caissons are safely landed; and with no further damage than the wetting of a little powder.'

'It is well. I could see that the guns were safe, even by the fitful light of these few stars; but I am glad to be assured there is so little damage done. It is very late however.'

'It is four o'clock, your excellency.'

'We must push on without a moment's loss, then,' replied Washington, rising. He gave an anxious look of the sky, and said—'do you think it will storm?'

The young man made no answer in words; but he took off his cap, which was of fur, and presented the icy particles which had collected there to his general's touch.

'Good God,' said Washington, deeply moved, 'is it indeed so? Excuse what may seem an irreverent expression, young man,' he added, 'but to-night my brain is almost wild, and the prospect of being defeated in this enterprise, as this gathering storm forebodes, destroys my equanimity. I have put everything on the hazard of a die. We must conquer to night, or lie cold and lifeless by morning. But, I wander—you have seen me unmanned for a moment—forget it. And now to action.'

As he spoke he drew his cloak tightly around him, and strode quickly forward in the direction of [illegible]

The sight of the general-in-chief in motion convinced all that the moment to set forth had arrived. The troops, who had been landed for some time, and had only waited for the artillery, now gathered into their ranks, and, in silence, the little army began its march.

After proceeding about a mile, Washington divided his army, one portion under Sullivan taking the river road, while the other person, with himself at its head pursued the direct way. The wind howled dismally across the landscape; the few stars, heretofore seen, disappeared; and soon mingled rain and hail began to rattle on the soldier's knapsacks, and sting their faces. Yet, bending to the tempest, the men strugged onward. No sound of fife or drum was heard, but in silence the little army pursued its way. No gilded trappings shone out in the ghastly light, but the privates, destitute even of shoes, left their bloody footsteps on the ground. The low rumbling of the artillery wagons, and stifled trend of a thousand men, the ringing of the sleet on the moving mass, and the creaking of the forest trees as the storm tossed them about, were the only sounds during that long march of eight miles. Occasionally a man dropped from the ranks completely exhausted, but the rest struggled manfully along. Now and then, as the army passed some lonely farm-house, the inmate, half rousing from his slumber, fancied he heard strange sounds on the breeze, but reflecting that it could only be the noise of the tempest, he turned and slept again, little thinking that at that very hour, the destiny of America hung trembling in the balance.

It was nearly daybreak when the outposts at Trenton loomed dimly through the uncertain light and fast falling sleet. The artillery was at the front, and close by it, as was his duty, marched Mowbry. At this instant, Washington rode up, evidently in considerable emotion; and shading his eyes with his hand, peered ahead.—Then he turned, and reining in his horse, looked down on the soldiers who crowded around him.

'My brave boys, he said, in a low voice, which trembled with agitation, 'the enemy are just ahead: but do not yet see us. All depends on a surprise. Now or never—this is our last chance. Forward.'

Tears gushed from every eye at this address: the voice, the manner affected the men even more than the words. The column dashed forward, each man determined to conquer or die. The outposts were driven in, and flying toward the town, carried the alarm with them. But fast as they fled to bear the news of their surprise, still faster pursued the Americans: and the two parties entered the outskirts of Trenton almost at the same moment.

The noise of the firing at the outposts had, however, been heard, and the enemy roused from their beds, or from the tavern, where most of them had spent the night, came rushing into the street, the privates arranged themselves in ranks, and the officers hurrying hither and thither to marshal the men. Col. Rahl, the Hessian commander, threw down the pack of cards with which he had been playing since the preceding evening, sprang to the door and placed himself at the head of his forces.

But now with the artillery of Knox playing in their front, the Americans came pouring down the street, wild with the enthusiasm the words of their leaders had excited. Before that dauntless charge, before those showers of grape-shots, no enemy could have stood. The Hessians broke and fled, in a few minutes, the day was won.

Never was a victory more complete. With the exception of a few dragoons who escaped by a back road, the whole force at Trenton was either killed or captured. Among the former was Col. Rahl.

'Ah! Gen. Knox,' said Washington, grasping the hand of that officer after the fight was over, 'I have to thank you for the execution your artillery did, on this glorious morning. I ought

also to thank Captain Mowbry, whom I saw directing the pieces so well; but I do not see him.'

'Alas! your excellency, he is wounded, and I fear mortally.'

'Where is he?' said Washington, anxiously.

'He has been carried to yonder tavern,' said Knox, 'where your excellency's surgeon there attends him. Yet life, perhaps, of so little value to him that he will scarce thank us for our pains to preserve it: I have noticed that from the day he joined the army, just before the battle of Long Island, up to this hour, he has always recklessly exposed himself as if he sought death.'

'Perhaps some disappointment of the heart—poor lad!' sighed the great leader, as he led the way toward the low, wooden tavern, in a room of which Mowbry lay, weltering in blood.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

Fourteen days later from Europe

The steamship Europa, which left Liverpool for Halifax and New York on the 10th, arrived at Halifax on the 21st, and the news brought by her telegraphed the manufacturing districts accounts are encouraging. Holders of goods are decidedly firm; their operations, and are sanguine as to a good spring trade.

The stock and money markets are unusually buoyant. Public securities and railway shares are on the advance. The demand for U. S. six per cents still continues at advancing rates.

ENGLAND. Parliament was opened by the queen in person on the first instant. The speech from the throne is rather lengthy, and for a wonder actually possesses meaning apart from the jingle of words, but it does not possess sufficient general interest to justify its transmission by telegraph. The speech places the fact beyond a doubt that the government have no idea of giving up the past free trade doctrines, but are resolved steadily to carry out their principles to their final consummation.

Lord John Russell in debate said that he had formerly been in favor of a fixed duty on corn. He added, however, that the house of commons had not chosen to adopt that principle, but had preferred to set corn wholly free, he hoped no new change would be made. "I hope," he said, "that no attempt, and above all no successful attempt will be made at renewing any duty upon that main article of sustenance." This settles at once all speculation upon the course of conduct, on this subject, likely to be adopted by the present administration.

With regard to the navagation laws, also, the government propose to be equally decisive; and a new bill for their modification will be immediately introduced. The declared intentions of the ministers to make every retrenchment, compatible with complete efficiency, in the various branches of the civil, naval and military departments of the State, have produced general satisfaction, and the liberal free trade policy which promises to prolong their tenure of office to a more distant period than they could have anticipated before the opening of parliament.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, K. C. B., recently English ambassador in Spain, has been appointed to succeed Sir R. Packenham as British minister in the United States.

The ravages of the cholera continue about the same as when the Niagara sailed.

Later intelligence from India has been received, but is wholly devoid of general interest.

The excitement created in Europe by the reports of the boundless riches found in California had somewhat subsided, and the news by the last packet had once more aroused the spirit of enterprise, and the newspapers again teem with notices of all kinds of shipping adventures in connection with this auriferous region. It is no longer an El Dorado, but a veritable *terra dolorosa*. The confirmed statements of immense mineral wealth in the Californian hills now leaves no doubt but that an immense tide of emigration will flow towards that quarter.

IRELAND. Charles B. Duffy has been brought up before the courts on a new bill, and is to take his trial at the present term under the "Crown and government security act." This course was thought advisable by the law officers, in consequence of the demurrer having been partly ruled in favor of the prisoner. It has been recommended by the Lord Lieutenant to renew for a limited period the suspension of the habeas corpus act in Ireland, and the bill has already been read the first time in the house of commons.

CONTINENTAL.—*France.* There is very little news from the continent of importance or general interest, except as it regards France. Immediately after the sailing of the Niagara, intelligence was received in England that the breach between the assembly and the president had widened into a fearful gulf. A real or sham plot was disclosed to the French ministry, and for a few days Paris again assumed the appearance of a beleagured city; the streets were occupied by not fewer than 80,000 men, and General Changenier plainly intimated that the first barricade that was attempted to be raised would be the signal for a general slaughter.

Whether the red republicans were surprised or unprepared to cope with the extensive military arrangements concerted, certain it is that Paris for a few days trembled on the verge of a new revolution, the issue of which can scarcely be doubted. Marshal Bugeaud was despatched from Paris to bring up a strong division of the army of the Alps ostensibly to command Bourges during the State trials, but with no less object than that of overawing the red republicans in Paris.

The differences between the Guard Mobile and the army of the line only added fuel to the flame, which hourly grew in intensity. The motion for getting rid of the propositions of M. Ratean to dissolve the national assembly was only defeated by a narrow majority of 316 over 105. Since that vote a greater tranquility has prevailed, and once more we have to announce that the struggle passed off without martal strife. No more an arrests were, how ver, made.

☞ The following communication from the Governor to the Executive Council in relation to the commutation of the sentence of Dr. V. P. Coolidge from that of death to imprisonment for life, will explain the views of the Governor in relation to the duty of the Executive under the laws as they now stand, and the grounds of the departure from their rigid enforcement in this particular instance: [Augusta Age.

To the Honorable Council:

Valorous P. Coolidge was, in March, 1818, convicted of a capital offense, and the time (one year from the date of sentence) within which the statute prohibits an execution, has nearly expired. In view of its expiration, I have endavored, with all the care which should characterize an investigation and conclusion on which the life of a fellow creature is suspended, to give a just construction to the laws under which he was convicted and sentenced, that I might rightly determine what duty devolves upon the executive in the premises.

The law under which he was sentenced, is the law of the Revised Statutes, with a slight, but (so far as it bears upon this question,) immaterial amendment. This law is nearly a transcript of the law passed in A. D. 1837.—For some years previous to the passage of the law of 1837, a very general effort was made for the abolition of capital punishment, by arguments presented and appeals made through the press, by the presentation of petitions and by discussions in the legislature. The agitation finally resulted in the passage of the law of 1837, which was claimed as having accomplished the object, by making the issuing a warrant for an execution, a mere discretionary act, instead of imperative, as under former laws. After the passage of this law the efforts of the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment ceased, and the public mind, with but slight indications of dissent, concurred in their construction,—that the duty was no longer imperative on the executive to order an execution; and in their opinion (though with less unanimity) that the discretionary power should never be exercised. The evidence that such was the state of public opinion cannot have escaped the attention or those who are the least observing of its indications. But if doubts exist on this point, they must be removed by a review of the case of Thorn, the only conviction had since the law of 1837, except that of Coolidge. In 1844, Thorn was convicted of a capital offense, aggravated in its nature and circumstances. When the proper time arrived for inflicting upon him the penalty of death, if at all, the then executive withheld his warrant. I am not advised whether he adopted the construction that the duty was discretionary, or only refrained to act because copies of the case had not been certified to him; but this questio. is not material to the security that the punishable one of universal been inflicted upon Thorn, though convicted of a capital offense, unattended by any extenuating circumstances. Thus the knowledge is brought home to every one that our laws have failed to inflict the penalty of death, and yet not an effort has been made through the legislature or otherwise to ascertain and remove the cause of such a result in this instance, or to prevent its recurrence in future. The conclusion is therefore irresistable, of the general belief and acquiescence therein, that the penalty of death will not again be inflicted. The position was assumed by the Attorney General in the trial of Coolidge, and the consideration was urged by him upon the jury, that his conviction would not result in his execution.

But though impressed as I am with the weight of the circumstances, to which I have alluded, in favor of the idea, that the duty was changed by the law of 1837 from an imperative to a discretionary one,—circumstances perhaps sufficient to control the construction of ambiguous language,—still I am unable to concur in that idea, or even to discover the basis on which it rests. The law of the revised statutes is as follows:—

Chapter 154, Sec. 2. "Whoever shall commit murder with express malice aforethought, or in perpetrating or attempting to perpetrate any crime, punishable with death, or imprisonment in the state prison for life, or for an unlimited term of years, shall be deemed guilty of murder of the first degree, and shall be punished with death."

Ch. 168, "Sec. 8. When any person shall be convicted of any crime punishable with death, and sentenced to suffer such punishment, he shall, at the same time, be sentenced to hard labor in the state prison, until such punishment of death shall be inflicted

"Sec. 9. And no person, so sentenced and imprisoned, shall be executed in pursuance of such sentence, within one year from the day such sentence of death was passed, nor until the whole record of such proceedings or case shall be certified by the clerk of said court, under the seal thereof, to the supreme executive authority of the state, nor until a warrant shall be issued by said executive authority, under the great seal of this state, directed to the sheriff of the county wherein the state prison shall be situated, commanding the sheriff to cause the said sentence of death to be carried into execution."

The change in this, from the law in force up to 1837, is in the provisions found in the 8th and 9th sections for a sentence to hard labor in the state prison, and for an interim of one year between sentence and execution; with this exception the laws of the state have ever been the same on this subject. It is contended that the sentence to the state prison is one distinct from and conflicting with, the sentence of death; and that such being the case, the executive discharges his duty if either of the sentences are enforced. But there is nothing in the language of the law to warrant the strange conclusion that it required the court at the same time to impose two conflicting sentences. To render the sentence to the state prison distinct from and *conflicting* with the sentence of death, the extent of that sentence should have been during the natural life of the convict; but instead of that, the language used is, "until such punishment of death shall be inflicted," language obviously contemplating the execution of the sentence of death, instead of conflicting with it.—Besides there is an obvious necessity for the sentence to the state prison, to secure the execution of the sentence of death. Under the old law as but little time intervened between the sentence and execution, there was no necessity for statute provision for the safe keeping of the convict; after conviction he was remanded by the court to the custody of the sheriff to await execution, and he could only use for that purpose the county jail. But when the law provided for an interim of one year between the sentence and the execution, it was also necessary to provide for a more safe and convenient mode of preventing the escape of the convict. Hence the necessity, under the new law, of the sentence to the state prison, to render sure the execution of the sentence of death—the two are in perfect harmony with each other. But even were the two sentences actually in conflict with each other, they are mere provisions regulating proceedings in court, and the modes in which its penalties shall be enforced, and are controlled by the positive enactment of chapter 154, sec. 2, that whoever shall commit murder shall be punished with death.

It also has been argued that to render the duty imperative, the law should have required, in express terms, the executive to issue his warrant at the expiration of the year. The laws of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and it is believed the same is true of all the other states, never contained such express provision. The position therefore is unsound, because it proves, what no one will claim or admit, to wit: that the duty was *never* imperative on the executive of this or the other states to order an execution.

The act was never rendered necessary by statute, here or elsewhere, but the necessity results and ever has resulted from the general duty of the executive, under any form of government, to see the law and its penalties executed.

In fact I have entirely failed to discover any change in the law, tending, in the least degree, to remove the necessity which all admit ever existed of ordering an execution after conviction and sentence.

It follows then that my action on this subject must conflict with the popular construction of the law, with all the indications of public sentiment to which I have alluded, sustaining and acquiescing in that construction and with the opinion of the government officer urged upon the jury when the conviction of Coolidge was procured, or I must take for my guide the opinions of others, entirely abandoning my own convic- the duties of the office "according to the constitution and laws of the state," not as construed by others, but by himself. True, he may borrow light from other minds to aid him in forming a conclusion, but his own mind must be the ultimate tribunal.

The only way of escaping this difficulty is by the exercise of the power of commutation. The duty of issuing a warrant for an execution devolves upon the executive alone; the power of commutation is vested in the executive with the advice of council. After the expiration of the year, I shall feel impelled, under the construction which I am forced to give to the law, to issue a warrant for the execution of Coolidge, unless a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life, is interposed. For the reasons indicated in this communication, I should readily concur with the council in such commutation, and would invite your consideration of the subject.

JOHN W. DANA.

Council Chamber, Feb. 7, 1849.

BLOODY OYSTER WAR IN VIRGINIA.—We learn from a gentleman just arrived from the Eastern Shore of Virginia, that a serious collision took place, a few days since, in the neighborhood of Drummondtown, between the citizens and depredators from Philadelphia. A fleet of some twenty boats from Philadelphia recently entered that quarter of the Bay, and commenced taking oysters from the Virginia banks with dredging machines, in direct violation of the known laws of the State, which prohibit that mode of taking oysters, under a penalty of $250. The people determined to drive the marauders from their shores. Accordingly, five small boats were manned and armed with two pieces of cannon; thus prepared, the Virginians came upon the Philadelphia fleet, and an engagement ensued, in which one oysterman was killed and a mast of one of their schooners cut away by a cannon shot. The fleet was then driven into the mouth of a creek, where the Virginians succeeded in taking ninety of the party prisoners, whom they conveyed to Drummondtown, in Accomac county, where they were lodged in jail. By some informality in the original warrant, the legal proceedings were quashed, but the magistrates had issued a new process, and strenuous efforts were making to bring the aggressors to justice. In the course of the skirmish, one of the Virginians was shot, the ball entering near the mouth and coming out at the side of the head, carrying away one of his ears. Our informant states that great excitement prevailed throughout the neighborhood of Drummondtown.—[Balt. Amer.

SINGULAR CASE OF POISONING. Within two weeks, says the Baton Rouge *Advocate* of the 24th ult., a whole family consisting of a Mr GOETTIGER his wife and children, have died, in this vicinity, from accidental poisoning caused by drinking water of a well impregnated with copper, as has been proved, we understand, by an examination of the well, in which was found an old copper kettle.

From the Boston Courier.

Condition of the French President.

We lay before our readers the following letter from a member of the National Assembly of France, upon the subject of the embarrassments which in the present state of parties and expectations among the French beset the course of the new President of the Republic:

It is impossible for those unacquainted with the facts, to form a just idea of the painful position in which the circumstances of his friends and his family, the state of parties, and the Constitution have placed the President. If "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," anxiety still greater must disturb a man placed in the presidential chair of a republic, at the head of a nation whose instincts are democratical, but whose manners and habits are essentially monarchical.

Scarcely arrived at the Elysee National, Louis Bonaparte is naturally surrounded by all those who have for his cause expended their money, their time, and their influence. As naturally it is his desire to express to them his gratitude by the recompense of some public functions; but ignorant of the attributes of each administration through which offices are bestowed, he has given letters of recommendation to numerous applicants, which, in effect, are good for nothing, and these have accordingly been repulsed unceremoniously as impertinent. Returning to the Elysee these disappointed men have demanded of the "Prince;" thus it is that they address the President—why he suffers such things.—"Do you allow," say they, "that Commissioners whom you have appointed should fail in respect to you—should treat you as an intruder? Speak strongly and firmly, and all these *bureaucrates*, who bear themselves so loftily in all the pride of office, will learn to obey you," &c., &c.

It was on account of these ill-timed exhortations that the President wrote the letter to M. Malerville, which has found its way to the public press. This was not through any indiscretion of the writer or the minister, but because this epistle was circulated among all the ministers, to show them with whom they had to deal, and it was copied by each. Everybody knows the nature of a secret among eight persons.

The family of M. Louis Bonaparte are not less a vexation to him. A few days ago, having placed in a more honorable seat the son of Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia, and Pierre Bonaparte, the son of Lucien, an elder branch of the imperial family, at the end of the table, the latter, in high dudgeon took his hat and departed. Next come the *susceptibilities* of the Princess Mathilde Demidoff, who has seen with mortification the arrival of the Princess Stephanie Beauharnais, grand duchess of Baden, like herself, a cousin of the President. Mathilde Demidoff had expected to do the honors of the Elysee National, when, behold, she is utterly dislodged by the grand duchess.

ry hour, but they do not relieve the President from disturbances more serious. One day he suffers the contest of prerogative between himself and his ministers; another day some fraction of the Montagnarde of the Assembly goes to him and says, "You are placed in the hands of monarchists, and all parties. They will make you the foot stool of the legitimatists, and other pretenders. Come to us, seek the republic and nothing but the republic. We will gain you a majority in the Assembly, and the security of your personal government." On a third day, the socialists put in their claims thus: "You have been elected by the people, whom we truly represent; you ought to join us; we are devoted to the destruction of the middle class aristocracy. Give us the administration and we will proclaim the empire of the *proletariat*."

Flatterers spare no pains to seize upon all the good inclinations, and all the weaknesses of the President; some praise his generous inclination to the amnesty, others his tendency towards communism, and others keep awake the imperial predilections of his former days. When all these are withdrawn, then Mole and Thiers make their appearance, and proffer the antidote to all irritations, the emollients of political conciliation, of patience, of prudent reserve, and of confidence in the spirit of the country, which ought alike to be trusted and consulted.

There are heads stronger than that of M. Louis Bonaparte, which could not resist so many attacks, such incessant struggles, such importunities of all kinds. Add to these the financial embarrassments of a President, who, in the popular nation of monarchical manners holds the place of a king, who has the blood of an emperor in his veins, who is naturally generous to profusion, and who is obliged to open his house to company or disappoint one of the first expectations of the nation, and of distinguished foreigners; add all these circumstances together, and you will have some imperfect notion of the disquieted and tormented life which should rather be written l'Enfer National.

I subjoin another notice, not less authentic, of the miseries to which poor Louis Bonaparte is subject.

One of the forms of persecution under which the President is assailed, is that of supplicatory letters which are supposed to exceed two thousand a day. Four soldiers are occupied from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, in breaking seals. The greater part of these epistles demand places, or loans of money, some of the latter even to the amount of 100,000 francs. Nearly 20,000 solicitations for places have already been received from the needy and greedy of the 35,000,000 who are under the republican rule. The wealth of Crœsus, and the power of three Cæsars, would fail to meet all the necessities and all the cupidity of those who look to government for satisfaction. From seven o'clock in the morning the antechambers of the presidential hotel are crowded with expectants, multitudes of whom perseveringly return after the repulses of one day to the chances of the morrow.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, MARCH 6, 1849.

The Spirit of the Age.

The minds of men are strangely agitated all over the world. We, as has been truly said are in a state of revolution; but it is a revolution of radical principles, not superficial politics—a revolution produced by the leaven of truth, and not because Gen. Taylor is President of the United States; it is such a revolution as the world rarely witnesses, although it is not the first of the kind that has been attempted.

At a *certain* period of the history of man, the world had grown very wicked, and civil and spiritual rulers, having through deception attained the power, had conspired against the People, had reduced them through ignorance and superstition, to the last degree of misery which human nature can bear, without rebelling. Happily at that period, there appeared upon earth a Reformer, who might well be called the Saviour. He knew that the religions that then pervaded the world, and which had contributed to reduce mankind to the miserable condition in which he found it, was but a mockery, and an abomination in the sight of all just men. He saw with the eye of all penetrating wisdom, that hunger would not only break thro' stone walls, but through all moral and religious principle. He was too good an architect to build a system of morality on so fallacious a foundation as *extreme inequality*, in mind and fortune, which he knew could not be introduced into society, or maintained by any other means than by unequal and unjust laws. He was aware that all the bad passions of our nature, or, to speak more reverently, of NATURE'S GOD, of artificial and corrupt society, would be brought into full and malignant action, by systems which could never completely hide their iniquitous purposes. And these wise views, and purposes of Jesus of Nazareth, were to the Jew a stumbling block, and to the GREEK *folly*.—May they be to the inquisitive and philanthropical age in which we live, a fruitful lesson of wisdom; teaching us to look well to the introduction of *new* rulers and spiritual leaders.

That a great revolution of mind is now in full operation, no sensible man will deny. That it be possible to stop this march of mind, few will contend, be it for good or for evil. We now have a *practical* illustration of the *selfishness* of a certain class of men who make great professions of love of country before election in their efforts to *obtain the spoils* after election. But however recreant they may be, they cannot prevent the advance of mind. But what is the language we use? We are speaking as if we were not one of the People, and addressing ourself to some idle creation of fancy—a perfect nobility in this Republic. We are writing on the supposition that there were in this country a separate class of beings, whose attributes were to rule the people in all their religious, moral, and physical functions. But this is only one of the errors into which we are all liable to fall when we mingle with those whose education and sympathies are so different from our own; whose regard for foreign aristocracy far exceeds their love for plain, simple Republicanism. We should not hold this language; it leads us perpetually into error, though often imperceptibly. It is like the grammatical puzzle which the French poet put into the mouths of the TRINITY. We in the United States are one, and not two or three, as in other countries; and our language must conform to that unity, or it will lead us from the unity of purpose which we should profess and act on. We are one and not two or three of different grades, except it be in point of real merit.

The difference between the state of society now and at any former period is great, although as great misery perhaps may be found among the lower classes in some countries as in times past. But the end is at hand. The calls on the working classes to satisfy the fastidious cravings of luxury, have civilized the action of mind as well as that of body, and the minds of these laborers being set in motion for mechanical improvements, have acquired a force and discrimination which have been applied by them to another subject. They have learned their importance to society, as well as their power to control it; they have discovered that they have been considered heretofore as minors, and have been put off with a minor's portion in the great family heritage. This knowledge will spread with lightning rapidity throughout the world.—In all former efforts at reformation, a few good and wise men assumed the Herculean task, and it was too mighty for them, or the people who received the boon of their God-like labors, had not the intelligence to appreciate, or to preserve them. But now, the light of truth is being wrested from its source by the people themselves; and they seem determined to crown themselves with it, by their own hands, as Napoleon placed the iron crown upon his own head, without the intervention of an *ideal* power, conscious of his own strength and determined to maintain his own supremacy over every other earthly power. So will the people, we trust, with a more sacred right than Napoleon had, assert and maintain their supremacy, from henceforth and forever. Neither tyrants in the old countries, nor an occasional whig reign in this, can prevent it.

What do these visionary democrats mean by reforms in this country? will be asked by the federalists. Is it not the happiest country on earth, and the freest people? Certainly it is so; but the people are so conscious of this truth, and appreciate so highly the advantages they enjoy, that they are determined to secure them, by all possible means, and to put it out of the power of the crafty, or the bold, to assail by violence, or to undermine by fraud, the citadel of their strength. They will acknowledge no master in ethics or politics, nor adopt any doctrine but such as they shall prescribe, for the time being, to their Representatives, whom they will hold to a strict accountability. They will look into all measures, past and to come, with a skeptical eye, and with a determined purpose of purging the laws of every anti-republican tendency, by such prudent steps as time and circumstances will suggest. They will be especially cautious to prevent the encroachment of any more laws leading to such fearful ends.—This is all the reform required in our happy country, and no country has ever yet been so fortunately situated as ours, for this reform, and a check on future legislation. Now all this will be called wild and fearful innovation by federal conservatives, in humble imitation of their more exalted patterns in Europe. But we will say to them from Bacon, whose wisdom they dare not deny, "that he who dreads new remedies, must expect new evils." Other authorities more ancient might be quoted to the same effect, but why need we quote authorities to prove self-evident truths, and such as we act on every day, the denial of which would go to prove that we have done wrong in separating from England; that our fathers have sinned against common sense and prudence in separating from the church of Rome; and that in fact education itself was both pernicious and absurd. If the condition of men change in society, if the elements of society themselves undergo a new modification, should not the laws conform to these changes? have they not in many respects been made to undergo this change. It is true the artful and interested expounders of these laws, have too often left on the statute book old laws not formally revoked, but unknown to those who are to be judged by them, whenever it may suit the spirit of chicanery to call them up, to confound the judge and bewilder the jury, thus making the old law adage which says, "that no one may plead ignorance of the law," a barbarous fraud on all those not profoundly versed in the most recondrite mysteries of the most uncertain of sciences. True, in this State, we may not suffer as in some others, but as circumstances are continually changing, it appears to us, our laws are not so improved as to meet the wants of the people.

Now, as laws will for some time continue to be made by those who think they have a patent right to that effect, we would be permitted to ask them this simple question: Shall the laws be made to operate on morals, or shall they wait for the operation of morals on the laws?—When States retain in their statue books, laws which are not executed, because they are hardly known, does it not show that the morals are in advance of the laws? Is it not the first duty of a wise statesman to inquire into the probable effect of laws on morals, before he gives his assent to any new ones which may be proposed. In the instance of a law to proposed for the suppression of intemperance, ought it not to be known to be capable of being carried into execution and securing the end, before it is passed? and when passed, is it not the duty of the authorities to see it properly executed? Is there any local or pecuniary advantages to be derived from a law which can be compared with its moral effects on a community? That there are many laws which increase old, and induce new crimes, and condemnation for factitious crimes, we have no doubt. We call them factitious, because many of them are caused by unnecessary, and unjust, and unequal laws. The wants of society, the spirit of the age require a change.

One word more to those who dread innovation so much. Camelins asks his friend, with emphasis, "What! will no circumstances justify innovation; and must those things which have utility for their object, not be done, because they have never been done before?" And an elegant modern writer has said, "The reform which removes abuses, prevents the revolutions which revenge them." A *new* administration sometimes *practices* abuses under a *pretence* of removing them.

SPIRIT OF '76.—The city authorities of Portland having issued orders against the celebration of Washington's birth day by burning tar barrels in the evening, some of the boys who had disobeyed the ordinance were arrested and taken to the watch house. A crowd of some five hundred men marched up and demanded their release in twenty minutes. This not being complied with, they proceded to more active measures. A battering machine in the shape of a stout ladder was procured, and door shutters, sashes and glass were stove in, and the boys were released. Several of the police and watchmen were injured. Taylor torch-light celebrations are countenanced by the whig authorities of Portland; there is no harm or danger of fire from them, and it disturbs no one, in their estimation; but when the boys wish to celebrate the birth day of the "Father of his country," by burning a few tar barrels, at points where there could no harm arise, these same authorities forbid it, and send them to the watch house. There were a similar set of stright-laced people in '76, but the boys of those days instead of burning their tar, made another use of it.

SILVER AND GOLD MINE. There has been discovered in Benton County, Tenn., near Wyatt's Mill, a gold and silver mine. It is said large amounts of silver and gold ore are found, unusually rich—yielding some 75 or 80 per cent. Considerable excitement prevails in that region—the owner of the land having it guarded day and night.—[West Tennessee Whig.

CARRYING OFF A SHERIFF.—We learn from a New Orleans paper that a Sheriff in Louisiana lately was directed to attach the steamer *Mc Kim*, bound for California, and went on board for the purpose of serving the writ on the captain. While on board, the boat lift the wharf with the officer on board.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Or the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Every body knows, or should know, the unconquerable firmness and perseverance of this great man, and how much he effected by these qualities for the cause of liberty, and equal rights, not only in his own country, but throughout the world. By means of the press, and in the halls of legislation, in public and in private, at home and abroad, the last years of his life were spent in advocating and disseminating the great principles of freedom. In the earlier part of his life, and especially when a resident in this country, he was a monarchist and tory of the first water. But his native good sense prevented him from continuing for a long time in error.—He, accordingly, soon after his return to England, became a permanent and uncompromising *Democrat*, and a firm defender of the rights of the people. The same persevering zeal which characterized his youth, attended the actions of his after life. An instance of his constancy and ardor in the pursuit of his object, may be seen in the following passage, taken from an autobiographic sketch of his life. "I learned Grammar," says he, "when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my birth, or that of the guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my book-case; a bit of board, lying on my lap, was my writing table. I had no money to purchase candles or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of *the fire*, and only my *turn* even of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for *any youth*, however poor, however pressed with business, however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? To buy a pen or sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation; I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the *farthing* that I had to give, now and then for ink, pen, or paper! That farthing was, alas! a great *sum* to me! I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise.—The whole of the money not expended for us at market, was *two pence* a week for each man. I remember—and well I may!—that, upon one occasion, I, after all absolute necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a half-penny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a *red herring* in the morning; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had *lost my half-penny!* I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child! And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome the task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance?" Yet there are thousands living and growing up in ignorance under the false impression that they have no means for improvement, and thousands of others are complaining that they have no greater means of education, while but very few, if any, improve, as they ought, even the advantages they have.

☞ The official notice of Gen. Percifer F. Smith, to be found below, will create a great sensation in foreign countries, where expeditions have been and are now being fitted out with a view to engage in the gold hunt in California. John Bull, in particular, will be uproarous; but it can't be helped. He has no more right to dig gold on Jonathan's new potato patch in California, than Jonathan has to dig for it in the bogs of "Swate Ireland." John is so covetous of his own, that he won't even let Jonathan catch cod on what he calls his fishing ground, in the big herring pond, because the place happens to be within hailing distance of land he claims jurisdiction over. It will teach him liberality hereafter, and every body knows there is need enough of that.

WM. NELSON, U. S. Consul at Panama:

SIR,—The laws of the United States inflict the penalty of fine and imprisonment on trespassers on the public lands. As nothing can be more unreasonable or unjust, than the conduct pursued by persons not citizens of the United States, who are flocking from all parts to search for and carry off gold belonging to the United States in California, and as such conduct is in direct violation of law, it will become my duty immediately on my arrival there to put these laws in force, to prevent their infraction in future, by punishing with the penalities prescribed by law, on those who offend.

As the laws are not known to many who are about starting for California, it would be well to make it publicly known that there are such laws in existence, and that they will in future be enforced against all persons not citizens of the United States in California. Your position as consul here, being in commication with the consuls on the coast of South America affords you the opportunity of making this known most generally, and I will be much obliged to you if you will do it.

PERCIFER F. SMITH, Brevet Maj. Gen.,
U. S. A. Com. Pacific Division.

The president elect is a joker. At a tavern in Maryland, while he was waiting for the Baltimore train, among others who introduced themselves was one of the ubiquitous Smith family. On hearing the name, General Taylor remarked with a merry twinkling of the eye—"That is no name at all." "Why, General," replied Mr Smith, "you should have no objection to the name, Mrs Taylor was a Smith." Yes," added he promptly, "but I made her change her name, and I advise you to do so too."

THE LAST WHIG FAUX PAS.—When the bill appropriating money to meet the next instalment due under the treaty with Mexico came up in committee of the whole house of congress, Mr. Schenck, of Ohio, moved a substitute, that New Mexico and California be restored to Mexico! A clause reserving the bay of San Francisco, in consideration of the three millions already paid, was struck out, on motion of Mr. Root, another Ohio whig. Mr. Schenck declared that his proposition was no mere clap-trap, and that, "without irreverance," the acquisition of the territory "was permitted under the providence of Heaven, as a sort of retributive justice for having stolen the country." Mr. Gentry, of Tennessee, denounced Schenck's motion as folly. But, with a view of testing the question by yeas and nays in the house, the substitute was *adopted*, and reported to the house!—The question in that body then being, Shall the territories of California and New Mexico, including the gold and the quicksilver, be retroceded to Mexico? it was decided in the negative, nays 194, ays 10, namely, Ashmun, Mann and Palfrey of Massachusetts, Henry of Vermont, Cranston of Rhode Island, Schenck, Crowell and Giddings of Ohio, and Stephens and Toombs of Georgia, all whigs. The original bill was then passed, 188 to 8. Hereupon Mr. Turner, of Illinois, turned the tables upon the whigs, and lectured them upon their hypocrisy. They had charged the administration with robbing Mexico of her lands, had called the acquisition of territory an "unholy thing," and now they had sanctioned the stealing and robbery by consenting to pay for the plunder. As the partaker is as bad as the thief, Mr. Turner hoped we should hear no more whig cant about "robbery of an unoffending neighbor."

FROM COL. FREMONT'S CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION. The St. Louis Union of the 12th, publishes a letter dated Puebla, New Mexico, the 28th of November. Col. Fremont and his little party of gallant adventurers, had commenced the ascent of the first range of mountains near Puebla, and were pursuing their toilsome march through snows, towards the Pacific Ocean. We make the following extracts:

Col. Fremont passed this place on the 22d inst. Many of his mules and horses were much jaded and worn out. He succeeded in purchasing and exchanging several mules at this place, and at Bent's fort. At a small settlement, twenty-five miles above this, he purchased corn for his animals. He dismounted all his company, and each man packed his riding animals with corn. This will greatly facilitate his passage through the snowy regions. The snow is unusually deep in the mountains in this vicinity.

On the 26th Col. Fremont commenced the ascent of the Snowy Mountains. The last we heard from him, he was wending his way slowly through snow about two feet deep, and was within five miles of the top of the first range of mountains. It is the intention of Col. Fremont to go to the Pacific by an entire new route, south of all his former routes across the continent. His present survey will be of much interest. Should a southern route be determined on for the great railroad across the continent, this survey will greatly aid Congress in determining the western terminus.

CALIFORNIA—AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS.—Capt. William Phelps, late of barque Moscow, of this port, arrived here from California via. Panama, on Saturday morning. Capt. P. brings a quantity of the gold, in grains, in scales, and in lumps—the largest of the latter weighing about an ounce and a half. The amount of gold brought by him has been much overrated in the published accounts, though he brings a considerable quantity—much less, however, than the lowest amount stated ($38,000.

As Capt. P. worked personally at the mines, which we believe was not the case with Mr. Atherton, his experience of the minutiæ of the gold digging there is considerable. In the first place, as to the pieces of gold that have been reported to be found, he says the largest piece that he has seen is in the possession of Mr. Mellus, and weighs but six ounces. He heard numerous stories at the mines of large pieces being found; but in every instance where they were investigated, they turned out to be false, or greatly exaggerated. One man was reported to have found a piece weighing several pounds; he went to see him, and found that its weight was only *two ounces*, and that it was the proceeds of an entire day's work.

As to the stories that the diggers were many of them averaging $150 per day, he thinks that those that have done the best, have not obtained more than $3000 during the entire digging season. The hours of work were from five to ten hours per day. Formerly, the Indians were willing to work for a trifle, but they have since become better acquainted with the value of their toil. They are principally the remnants of tribes, and are not formidable.

But one case of disorder occurred before Capt. P. left. It was that of a negro who insulted a Mormon woman. The people turned out, caught the negro, tied him to a tree, gave him a good lashing, and then turned him loose, with a threat of a rifle ball if he misbehaved again.

The inhabitants of California, Capt. P. says, are anxious to maintain order; but they can hardly do it in any other way than by lynch-law, until some regular government is established.

When several companies of Col. Mason's Regiment deserted to the mines, a file of soldiers were sent after them, who in their turn deserted. Col. Mason then started with a file of dragoons, called the miners together, and told them that if they expected the countenance of the Government, they must help him to arrest deserters.—To this they replied that if there was any refugees, from justice among them, they were willing to turn out and help arrest them, but their time was too precious to be occupied in running after deserters. After this Col. Mason was glad to get back with half of his dragoons.

Agriculture has been so totally neglected, that a man who had a field containing 15,000 bushels of wheat, could not get it harvested, though he offered half the products, and was obliged to let his cattle eat it. Women and children, as well as their husbands and fathers, had become gold diggers. Capt. Phelps' opinion as to the success of expeditions daily starting from this country, is that it will depend upon the manner of their organization. There is no doubt, he says, of there being considerable quantities of gold in California, but there is gross exaggeration in the matter.

Letters had appeared in the papers from persons who had no existence in California, and in respect to vessels that had never been there.

Captain Phelps looks hearty and healthy, and bears no marks of a toilsome voyage from the other side of the world.—Boston Traveller.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Charles Andrews, Moderator.
Hiram Hubbard, Town Clerk.
Jos. H. King, Elisha Morse, Austin Partridge, } Selectmen.
Alva Shurtleff, Jr., Treasurer.
Charles Andrews, Town Agent.
Geo. K. Shaw, Wm. A. Rust, Wm. Russ, } Superintending School Committee.

Meeting adjourned to the first Monday in April, at one o'clock, P. M.

INTERESTING FROM BRAZIL. A strong rebellion has been for some time past going on in Pernambuco, by the political party known as the Santa Lazia, the object being to overthrow the present ministry, which is of the Saquerema party. The government has not succeeded in the crushing it, but it seems impossible for it to hold out much longer.

The Brazilian is in mourning for the death of the mother of the Empress, and ex-Queen of the two Sicilies.

Prince de Joinville is expected shortly at Rio, to take possession of his dowry of fifty Portugues leagues of land in the Province of Santa Catherina.

The Chambers have materially altered the tariff, doubling the duties on some articles of American manufacture, for which there was a great demand, in Brazil. They have caused the law to go into immediate effect. The duties on household furniture, chairs, &c., have been raised from 40 to 80 per cent.

Of the 1,800,000 bags of coffee annually exported, the United States take more than one half, *two-thirds* of which are paid for in cash bills, and the rest is taken in exchange for our productions. Yet in the face of a trade so advantageous to the Brazilians, as this, there is an enormous duty of *one dollar and a half* per bbl. on our flour, all other things being in a still greater proportion; and an export duty of seven per cent is laid upon coffee, which we admit free.

The "reciprocity treaties" through which Bremen and Hamburg vessels can trade with the U. States on the same footing as American bottoms, has worked quite disastrously in the Rio trade. These European vessels will readily carry coffee from Rio to the United States for *forty cents* a bag: that is to say, whatever may be the market price, they always underbid our vessels from *ten to fifteen cents* per bag. Now we see the fearful operation of this treaty law in the unprecedented number of American vessels which have been in Rio de Janeiro this year, (60 at the same time in port,) and almost all losing money. As the least of two evils, they prefer to remain idle, waiting for freights to rise, rather than traverse the ocean at a ruinous loss; whilst Danes, Hamburghers and Netherlanders generally, &c. are carrying coffee to the U. States for *forty cents* a bag!

☞ We commend the following novel mode of raising the wind, to the Dorcas Societies in general, and ours in particular:—

KISSING TO SOME PURPOSE.—A story has reached our ears, of a singular scheme for raising funds, which was hit upon and put in practice at a donation party held not *more* than a thousand miles off. It appears that some of the kissable ladies present actually allowed their sweet lips to be tasted at the rate of fifty cents a kiss—this being considered a suitable price for the privilege! If we are not misinformed, one gentleman of the party took *five dollars worth!*—Sandwich (Ms) Obs.

Mr Williamson, a young man who was engaged in logging in the woods near Aurora, Me., bled to death in a few minutes from a wound in the thigh occasioned by the axe of a companion coming off the handle, and striking him with great violence.

MOVEMENT AGAINST SLAVERY IN ALABAMA.—Judge Hydenfelt, a prominent and leading democrat of Alabama, has addressed through the press a letter to Gov. Chapman, urging the propriety and necessity of a law to prevent the further immigration of slaves into that State, either for trade or settlement. The Alabama Journal says the "article is ably written, and there are many reasons why such a law should prove of advantage, if its execution was practicable."

☞ Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, who succeeds Mr. Pakenham as British Envoy at Washington, is a brother of the distinguished historian and novelist. He wrote a work on France some years since, and has had considerable experience as a diplomatist. He was, (says the Boston Times) if we rightly remember, Minister to Spain at the time of the Montpensier marriage affair. He is a man of considerable talent, though inferior as a scholar and writer to his illustrious brother.

TOO SICK TO BE HANGED.—There is a man under sentenced of death in South Carolina, too sick to undergo the sentence of the law. The doctors are at work on him, to "cure him up," that he may be executed. What a pity were he to die.

NEW BRUNSWICK ANNEXED TO THE UNITED STATES!—On Saturday last, the Telegraph wires from Boston to St. John, in New Brunswick, were connected, and communication established between those points, each operator writing from one country to the other country direct—from Boston to St. John and vice versa. Last week messages left St. John in the afternoon for New Orleans, and were answered at St. John from New Orleans on the next morning! This is uniting *John* and *Jonathan a little* closer than ever before. The Boston afternoon news was transmitted simultaneously for one paper in Portland, and another paper in St. John!

THE SEA SERPENT RIVALLED.—Captain Cara, lately arrived at *Boston* (?) from Havre, states that on the 27th ult, long, 47, he saw something on his larboard bow very like a whale.—He bore up for it, and upon approaching it, thought it was a large ship bottom upwards, but on coming alongside, he discovered it to be a gigantic turtle or tortoise, armed with enormous sharpe blades, which glittered in the air, and served for the defence of the creature like the quills of a porcupine. The shell was black, and from out thereof, the animal poked his enormous head, which the captain says was the most terrific sight he ever beheld.

SWAMPS OF NEW-ORLEANS. The unhealthiness of this city is owing, in a great degree, to the swamps and marshes in the neighborhood, which, under the heat of the summer sun, exhale a pestilential miasm. A scheme has been projected to drain the water from these tracts, and thereby remove the main cause of disease from that city, which may now be termed the charnel house of the United States.

☞ WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY UNABRIDGED.—In the unanimous judgment of the leading literary press of Great Britain and the United States, Webster's Dictionary is the most learned, the most comprehensive, and the most complete work of the kind in the English language; containing all that is excellent in Dr. Johnson's great work, with numerous philological corrections, more concise and accurate definitions, in many instances, and the addition of some sixteen thousand words—these additions consisting for the most part of terms used in the various departments of science and the arts, in commerce, manufactures, merchandize and the liberal professions.—*Journal of Education for Upper Canada, Toronto, January*, 1849.

☞ President Bonaparte has conferred the order of the legion of honor on Dr. Jackson, of Boston, Mass.

☞ "Nathan," said Mr. Sike to his youngest clerk, "have you charged old Ling with that quart of rum?" "Yes, sir." About an hour afterwards, somewhat forgetting, he asked, "Jerry, did you charge old Ling with that quart of rum?" "Yes, sir," was the response. "Confound the boys," muttered he, "there's no trustin' on 'em—no depending on 'em; to make it sure, I'll go and charge it myself, and I shall know it's all right."

CAPT KIDD.—The Boston Courier puts an end to the pretended clue to the discovery of Captain Kidd's treasure in the vicinity of Boston, by showing that his name was not Robert, as given in the mysteriously found letter, but "William." The modern phrases used therein, as "keep dark," &c. also betray it.

The present population of the city of Portland, Me., is 19,000.

BRIGHTON MARKET,

[REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.]
THURSDAY, MARCH 1.

At market 600 Beef Cattle, 14 pairs Working Oxen, 16 Cows and Calves, 1700 Sheep, and 800 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra $6 75; first quality, $6 50; second quality, $6 00; third quality, $5 75; fourth quality, $5.

Working Oxen—$80, $97, $100, $114.

Cows and Calves—$23, $26, $28, $34, $38.

Sheep—$1 50, 2, 2 75, 3—one lot at $7 50 each.

Swine—4 1-2, 5 1-2—retail 5 and 6—York Swine.

Ohios 4 1-2 to 5 cts.

The 6 Sheep which were reported in last week's market as having brought $18 each, were sold for $11 each.

From the Christian Freeman.

RELIABLE EVIDENCE OF THE EFFICACY OF BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM.—While we repudiate quackery, we are always pleased to give credit for that which is truly useful, and to give information which will benefit others. A few days days ago, a brother of ours, from Norway, Me., came into our office, in comfortable health, whom we did not expect to see on earth again. We received a letter a few weeks since, from another brother, resident in the house with him, saying that he was confined to his bed, and could not probably continue but a short time. Judge then of our surprise when we saw him enter our office. He has a slight cough remaining, as it would be natural that he should have, until he has further time for acquiring strength of lungs. But he is in comfortable health. The following letter which he addresses to the general Boston Agent for the medicine which has restored him so wonderfully, will show what medicine has been the instrument of the good work.

Boston, Feb. 16, 1847.

DR. D. F. BRADLEE,—SIR:—I cannot refrain from saying a word in commendation of "Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life." Here is a plain statement of facts in relation to my case, and if they are of any service in inducing the sick to seek relief at the source from whence I obtained it, I shall be thankful.

My residence is Norway, Me. Three years ago last fall, I took a violent cold, which left a cough of the most aggravating kind, accompanied by a severe pain in the left side. Last June I became so feeble, that I was obliged to quit all work, and was confined to the house until about four weeks since. During that time I received the best medical attendance, and tried nearly all the medicines which are recommended in such cases, but could find no relief, but grew worse, and for the last three weeks was confined to my bed. Two of my physicians gave me up as past recovery. But as fortune would have it, I heard of the Hungarian Balsam and immediately procured a bottle. This gave me instant relief, and six bottles have broken up my cough, and placed me in a situation to resume, with advancing health, my usual occupation.

Yours truly,
CHURCHILL COBB.

D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington st., sole Agent for the United States and British Provinces.

Pamphlets containing this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. K. HAMMOND, the only agent in Paris.

March 6, 1849. 4w44—optDFBB

CONSUMPTION PREVENTED!

That consumption, when once firmly fixed and seated, can be cured, we much doubt; but that it can be prevented, if the proper remedies are applied in season, we firmly believe. A slight cold, a gentle cough, a general derangement of the nervous system, which renders the individual sick or well—these are the symptoms which herald the approach of the Fell destroyer. If these be attended to in season all may be well; but neglect them and they will be sure to sure to gain the mastery, and what was at first only troublesome and annoying, at last becomes alarming, and often fatal.

For incipient consumption, we know of no better remedy than WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. It is soothing and healing in its nature, and is admirably adapted to allay and dissipate that annoying and distressing irritation which so much prevails at this season of the year, caused by colds, coughs, and chills, brought on by frequent and sudden changes in the weather. We know of several severe cases which have been radically cured by the use of this Balsam. Some two years since a friend of ours was suffering under what was thought to be confirmed consumption—a severe cough, night sweats, loss of appetite, &c. By the use of the use of the Balsam, he dispelled these alarming encroachments, and is now in the enjoyment of comparative good health.—[New England Washingtonian. Boston, November, 1847.

Those in want of this excellent article, can be supplied with the genuine, with the signature of I. BUTTS on the wrapper, at the Agents.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Ansel Field, South Paris; also by Druggists and Agents generally. 2w43

MARRIAGES.

In this town, by Rev. Mr. Walker, Mr. Elbridge G. Allen to Miss Louisa Dudley, both of Norway.

In Norway, on Sunday last, by Rev. Mr. Packard, Mr. Wm. M. Cushman to Miss Mary Elizabeth Hobbs, both of Norway.

In Hebron, by Joseph Barrows, Esq., Job C. B. Packard, Esq., of Blanchard, to Miss Rosina Buck, of Buckfield.

DEATHS.

In Buckfield, 3d inst., Mr. Benjamin Woodbury, a Revolutionary soldier, aged 87 years.

In Rumford, 24th ult., Miss Charlotte Virgin, aged about 40.

In Rumford, 2d inst., Mrs. Rachel Keyes, wife of Mr. Josiah Keyes, aged 31.—3d inst., Mrs. Miriam Stevens, widow of the late Samuel Stevens, aged 82.

In Hanover, 2d inst., Joseph H. Wardwell, Esq., aged 53.

In Andover, Enoch Adams, Esq., aged 70, one of the first settlers of that town.

In Waterford, 24th ult., Mrs. Eliza Davis, aged 60.

In Denmark, Mr. Alvin Newcomb, aged 30.

In Nevins, Ind., near Terre Haute, very suddenly Maj. Thompson Hall, formerly of Norway, aged 53.

In Boston, 25th ult., of lung fever, Mr. Peter Farnham Town, formerly of Norway, aged 53.

THE MODEL OF ANCIENT

JERUSALEM,

WHICH has been visited by admiring thousands on both sides of the Atlantic, will be open for Exhibition at the

COURT HOUSE

—in this place, on—

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,
March 6 and 7.

Hours of exhibition each day—Doors open at 2 P. M. Lecture to commence at 2 1-2. In the evening—Doors open at 7. Lecture to commence at 7 1-2.

FRANCIS BLAKE,

FARMERS HEAD QUARTERS,
Harrison, Me.,

—OFFERS FOR SALE—

2000 Bushels TURKS ISLAND SALT,
1000 " CADIZ do.
500 " LIVERPOOL do.
325 Bbls. T. Wyman FLOUR,
40 Hhds. MOLASSES—a prime article,
20 Boxes HAVANA BROWN SUGAR,
18 Bags COFFEE,
20 Chests TEA,
10 Bbls. MACKEREL,
75 Quintals Cod and Pollock FISH,
200 Casks ground PLASTER,
150 " New THOMASTON LIME,
30 " WAYMOUTH CUT NAILS,
200 Gall's LINSEED OIL,
50 Kegs WHITE LEAD, ground.

Together with the above may be found a large Stock of

DRY GOODS,

and other kinds too numerous to mention.

As this entire Stock of Goods was all freighted by water, it

Can and shall be Sold,

for Cash, or exchanged for all kinds of country produce and Lumber,

At Exceedingly Low Prices.

☞ Please call and examine for yourselves. ☜
Harrison, Jan. 25, 1849. 3m 39

At Auction.

WILL be sold, on the premises, for Cash, the SHOP and MILL PRIVILEGE situate in Waterford, Lower Village, formerly occupied by Nathan Jewell Jr., on Saturday, the fourteenth day of April next, at two o'clock P. M. to the highest bidder.

The premises to be sold consist of a small piece of land, a large and commodious Blacksmith's Shop, and a water-power sufficient for any ordinary mechinical purpose. The proposed sale offers a rare chance to a good mechanic.

SIDNEY THAXTER, Assignee.
By E. BERRY, Att'y.
Waterford, Jan. 27, 1849. 4*

OXFORD NORMAL INSTITUTE.

THE FOURTH SESSION of this School will commence on Monday, the 5th day of March next, and continue eleven weeks.

TUITION.

English Branches,	$1 50, $3 00 or	$4 00
Languages,		4 50
Surveying, &c.	(extra)	2 00
Penmanship,	"	1 00
Vocal Music,	"	2 00
Drawing,	"	2 00
Music—Piano Forte,	"	5 00
Use of Instrument,	"	2 00

BOARD in families for males, $1 25; for females $1 00 to $1 25 per week.

TEACHERS.

E. P. HINDS, Principal.
Miss HARRIETT B. LUNT, Assistant.
Miss ZILPAH W. BARKER, Assistant.
Miss FRANCES WADSWORTH, Teacher of Music and Drawing.
ARTEMAS L. HERSEY, Teacher of Vocal Music.
WILLIAM A. RUST, M.D. Lecturer on Physiology.

For particulars, enquire of Hon. Stephen Emery, President of Board of Trustees, or of the Principal.
South Paris, 30th Jan. 1849: 2*

Norway Liberal Institute.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence on MONDAY, the 5th day of March next, and continue *eleven weeks.*

TEACHERS.

J. G. EVELETH, A. B., } PRINCIPALS.
W. M. HATCH, A. B., }
I. H. BAKER, Teacher of Penmanship.
Miss M. A. COLE, Teacher of Music.
Miss A. N. DEERING, } Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

TUITION.

Common English, $3,00 per term.
Higher English, and Languages, 4,00 "
BOARD in families, for males $1,25 to $1,50 per week; for females, $1,00 to $1,25.

H. G. COLE, *President.*
Norway, Feb. 1, 1849. 5w40

Hebron Academy.

THE SPRING TERM of Hebron Academy will commence on Wednesday, March 5th, and continue twelve weeks, under the instruction of

GEORGE G. FAIRBANKS, A. B., PRINCIPAL,
Mrs. CAROLINE M. FAIRBANKS, PRECEPTRESS,
and such Assistants as the interest of the school may demand.

Instruction will be given as usual in all branches usually taught in Academies.

Lectures will be given *weekly* on scientific and literary subjects, with numerous illustrations.

Tuition—Per Term, $2 40
Per week, 25
Drawing, 1 50 extra.
Painting, 2 00 "

Books and stationery furnished at Portland prices. Board from $1,00 to $1,50 per week. Rooms at cheap rent furnished for those who choose to board themselves. JOS. BARROWS, Sec'y.
Hebron, Feb. 1, 1849. 4*

ISAIAH KNIGHT,

DEALER IN
Stoves, and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of STOVES, FUNNEL, and WARES, of the most perfect manufacture, and WARRANTED, constantly kept on hand, which will be sold as *low* as can be purchased *elsewhere.*

☞ Any pattern of Stove not on hand when called for will be obtained by first team, if desired.
April 11, 1848. tf 49

Commissioners' Notice.

WE, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of

JONATHAN HOLMAN,

late of Dixfield in said County, deceased, whose estate has been represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months, commencing on the second day of January, A. D. 1849, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service assigned us at the dwelling house of John J. Holman, Esq., in said Dixfield, on the first and last Saturdays of June next, from two to four o'clock P. M. on each day.

JOHN J. HOLMAN,
ISAAC RANDALL.
Dixfield, Jan. 24, 1849. 4*

Gold! Gold!

NOTWITHSTANDING the raging gold fever; and the great inducements to visit the bright burning sands of California, the subscriber has concluded to remain in Norway and continue the

Manufacturing of Carriages,

having made and sold during the past year more than Fifty Carriages, which, as far, as he can learn, have given perfect satisfaction, feels confident that his old customers will not forget him, and that new ones will still continue to come as long as they can be made to know by their own observation, that they can get a better article and at a lower price than they can at any other establishment in the State; having the advantage of water power, to which he has attached most approved machinery of all kinds that can be used, for the purpose of doing the work better and quicker than it can otherwise be done. He also carries on all branches of the business, and has all of his work done by the day, thereby saving a profit usually paid to the Blacksmith, Painter, and Trimmer, but pays them for their work only, consequently the purchaser has only to pay one profit, which is far better than to pay half a dozen profits which is often the case in purchasing a carriage. He intends to manufacture and keep on hand all kinds of carriages, such as

Carryalls, Phætons, Chaises, Rockaways, Buggies, Gigs, Common Wagons, &c.

Also, Peddle, Express, and all kinds of Team Wagons made to order at the shortest possible notice, and warranted to give satisfaction, as he employs the most experienced workmen, and none but the best materials, he therefore feels safe in saying that if any work of his fails in consequence of bad materials, or not being faithfully done, he will make it good.

Feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage he has heretofore received, he very respectfully solicits its continuance, and to those who have never yet given him a call, he would say, call and examine for yourselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

C. P. KIMBALL.

N. B.—Particular attention given to repairing and painting carriages, and he will keep on hand and for sale, Axles, Elliptic Springs, Brass Bands, and all kinds of Carriage Trimmings.
Norway Village, Feb. 6, 1849. 3m40

STEPHEN EMERY,

COUNSELLOR
AND
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAS returned to his former Office over the Probate Office, where he may be found at all business hours.

☞ Persons indebted to the late copartnership of STEPHEN EMERY & SON are requested to call and make a settlement.
Paris, Dec. 4, 1848. tf 31

WM. M. CUSHMAN,

DEALER IN
Watches, Jewelry & Fancy Goods,
41 NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

IRON FOUNDRY,

AND
STOVE WORKS,

STEEP FALLS, NORWAY, MAINE,
BROWN & Co., PROPRIETORS.

Real Estate for Sale.

THE subscriber, having been duly authorized by the Judge of Procate within and for the County of Oxford, offers for sale the Real Estate of ZEBULON BRYANT, late of Greenwood in said County, deceased.

The property lies in the Easterly part of said town of Greenwood, on Young's Hill, so called, bounded on the South by land owned by Thomas Crocker, Esq., East by Paris Line, North by land owned by Charles Young Jr., West by road leading through the Young neighborhood, so called, containing about one hundred thirty acres, with the buildings thereon, consisting of a House, Barn, and Woodshed. The Farm consists tillage, mowing, pasturage and woodland.

A very desirable opportunity is here offered for safe investment, as the property must be sold. If not sold at private sale it will be sold at Auction.

☞ Ten of fifteen tons of good English Hay, on the premises, belonging to the Widow of said deceased, will be sold at a bargain, if applied for soon.

For further particulars, apply to
ISAAC MANN, } Administrator
on said estate.
Paris, Jan. 13, 1849. tf 37

DR. WARREN'S

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, AND WILD CHERRY
PHYSICAL BITTERS,

AT FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters have now become a standard medicine, universally approved by physicians as a safe, speedy, and effectual remedy for *Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Cutaneous diseases*; Jaundice, Indigestion Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, and Humors, Eruptions on the Face or Body, Cancerous Sores, King's Evil, Chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all those disorders which arise from the abuse of Mercury, or from an impure taint in the blood, no matter how acquired.

The extract here presented is prepared after direction given by the celebrated Dr. Warren, whose name it bears, and will be found superior to any preparation of the kind now in use. It is highly concentrated, entirely vegetable, and very finely flavored to the taste. The change which it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is *speedy and permanent.*

As a Spring Medicine for purifying the blood—strengthening the stomach and body—and checking all consumptive habits—the Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared and sold by DAVID F. BRADLEE & SON, 130 Washington street, Boston.

AGENTS—Paris, J. K. HAMMOND; Norway, Robert Noyes; Portland, E. Mason, and sold by dealers in Medicine generally throughout New England.
Aug. 15, 1848. 1y15

Notice.

THE Directors of the Maine Mutual Fire Insurance Company have made another assessment, which is the 18th. Members of said Company are hereby requested to pay in the amount of their several bills, at the Office in Gorham, or to some Agent authorized by me to receive the same, on or before the first day of April next.

J. WATERMAN, Treas'r & Col'r.
Gorham, Feb. 3, 1849. 3w41

Notice.

THIS is to notify the public that I have given my son,

WILLIAM PARLIN,

a minor, his time, and that I shall not claim any of his wages, or earnings, or pay any debts of his contracting after this date. ROBINSON PARLIN.
Paris, Feb. 6th, 1849. *41 3w

Pine Lumber.

3000 FEET Pine Lumber, suitable for doors and Window Sash, for sale by W. E. GOODNOW.
Norway, Dec. 20, 1847. 4t

Window Sash!

3000 LIGHTS of WINDOW SASH, from 7×9 to 11×16, glazed and unglazed, for sale by E. B. HUMPHREY.
North Paris, Jan. 27, 1849. tf 39

Lumber!

2500 FEET of GUTTER STUFF, of extra clear Pine, for sale by E. B. HUMPHREY.
North Paris, Jan. 27, 1849. tf 39

POETRY.

[From the Boston Weekly Museum.]

The Orphan Girl.

BY WM. O. EATON.

She is dead, the orphan girl.
Eye of azure, row of pearl,
Ruby lip and sunny curl,
Down among the sods are lying,
Where the cypress boughs are sighing:
She is dead, the orphan girl.
Summers eight her beauty knew,
Bright as ever beauty grew;
Never simpled cheek so rare,
Never gleamed such golden hair.
She is dead, the orphan girl.
Since her soldier-father died
And her mother sought his side,
She has ever been a ranger,
Through the household of a stranger.
Poor they were who took her in,
But the village saw the kindness,
And the child may know no sin
Suffered not from selfish blindness.
Fair she grew, and gentle beauteous,
Like a little angel sang she:
And, to prove her heart was dutcous,
With an eager footstep sprang she.
Sorrow long shall mourn in vain
For her step to come again,
Bounding home in morning hours,
With the rosy loom of flowers.
Youth shall sigh upon the lea
For the mate they ne'er can see.
She is dead, the orphan girl.

I beheld her in her shroud
Smiling, 'mid a tearful crowd:
Bloom was still upon her cheek,
On her lip it's look so meek;
Roses white her forehead prest,
Little ringlets on her breast,
But her eye was closed in rest,
She was dead, the orphan girl.
I was present when they prayed,—
Young and old betrayed their sorrow,
That the lovely little maid
Would be seen no more to-morrow;
That the tomb should tear away
One so fair in mind and clay.
Sobbed the foster-parents wild
For the dead and darling child.
O'er the coffin how they hung,
How about her corse they clung;
Wild in woe they beat the air,
Oh, their hearts were buried there!
She was dead, the orphan girl.
Never let mine eyes behold
More of gloom than soon they greeted,
When the funeral knell was tolled
And the funeral walk completed.
Tears the gray-haired pastor shed,
As to God he turned his eyes,
Asking, for the spirit fled,
Room and glory in the skies.

Ye who see in deaths like this,
Useless pain and nought but sorrow,
Murmur not at loss of bliss,
Tarry till the long To-morrow.
She the sinless, she the fair
Orphan child, adorned with beauty,
In a world of sin and care
Might have been beguiled from duty.
Vice is strong and hearts are yielding,
Beauty is the spoiler's prey,
And the wand that want is wielding
Scourges virtue off away.
Had not poverty oppresst her,
Had not guilty deeds distrest her,
Still a thousand woes there be,
Haunting wealth and purity.
Death delivered her from all;
Grief can ne'er invade the pall.
She can never know the pain
Of a lover's cold disdain:
Her young heart in peace reposes,
Curtained with eternity.
Like some star the night discloses,
Brightly brief, then quenched in sea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Getting into the Wrong Shop.

A STORY OF DOWN-EAST.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A few months ago, there arrived in the quiet city of Portland, a home-spun specimen of the genus homo, in a packet, all the way from Passamaquoddy. Upon going ashore, he inquired the way to the nearest public house, and was informed that it stood directly at the head of the pier where he landed.

Opposite the head of the wharf stands the 'Eagle Coffee House.' At the corner is located the Custom House, the front of which is surmounted by a large gilt spread eagle. Into the latter our traveller walked, with carpet-bag in hand; and having found his way into the first room—which chanced to be the Surveyor's Department—he threw his luggage against the corner, seized an arm-chair, and drew himself up to the fire. Bracing his feet against the grate, he pulled forth a huge pipe, and having very leisurely crowded it with pig-tail, he cocked his hat over his shoulder, and commenced to puff away in right good earnest.

The Surveyor gazed at the queer piped a moment, but concluded to wait for the finale of the scene without intruding unprofitable question. Having finished his pipe, lazily, the traveller turned about to the official with—

'Cold day, nabur.'

'Very, sir.'

'How long to dinner?'

'To what, sir?'

'Dinner.'

'We dine at two,' continued the surveyor, discovering the stranger's error, and disposed for the nonce to humor it.

'Whar's the old man?' (meaning the landlord.)

'The collector is in the next room, sir,' said the agreeable surveyor; and our down-easter immediately moved himself into the Collector's Department, toting his luggage along as he went. Having laid down his traps, he stepped up to the counter, where stood a pitcher and a tumbler for the use of the room. The cashier looked at him an instant, when the stranger broke silence.

'Brandy and water.'

'What, sir?' exclaimed the astonished account'ant.

'A little brandy and water, 'fa please.'

Leaving the bar-keeper (as he supposed him) to fix his toddy, he moved forward and suddenly discovered the Collector of the Port sound asleep in his easy chair. Stepping up to him, he gave him a most unceremonious blow upon the back, and shouted at the top of his voice,

'Hello! ole feller—how ar ye? I say, ole hoss—how d'e deu?'

'Sir!' exclaimed the collector.

'Glad to see yer. Tew toddies, bar-keeper! Brandy and water for me—wot der yer drink, 'squire?'

'Sir!' continued the collector again imagining himself the victim of some horrid dream.

'Come, come, ole feller! wake up!' added his tormenter, bringing down his huge mauler again between the collector's shoulders, and well-nigh knocking the breath entirely from his body.

'There's some mistake here, sir,' said the collector, springing back.

'Not a bit uv it, old rusty; I know you jest like a inkstan.'

'I don't remember—really—'

'Yis you deu, sart'n. But never mind—wot yer goin' ta take.'

'Do you know where you are, sir?' inquired the collector, supposing the man to be a lunatic, whom he had better get rid of as easily as possible.

'Me?' Sart'n. In Portlan'—Eagle Coffee House. You're ole Bass, the landlord: I know you. O, git out! We're baound to hev a drink;' and he drove his thumb and forefinger into the collector's ribs with so much good earnest, that he nearly 'finished his business' for him.

'Excuse me, sir—but—'

'No sir-ee. No backin' aout, old squibob—I've seen you go it afore, yer know. Come, bar-keeper, tote aout the licker. All mumchum, yer know. I an'stan'—agin the law to sell brandy in Portlan'—but we know; pass it up.'

'You have mistaken your quarters, sir,'

'Eh?'

'This is the Custom House.'

'The wot?'

'Custom House.'

'Cus—eh?' continued the discomfited traveller, endeavoring to get the thing through his head—'not the Coffee House?'

'No, sir.

'Why, I seen the eagle over the top—they tole me head of the wharf—tavern—an' yen say it aint a public house?'

'No, sir.'

'Wal—I never!' said the chop-fallen traveler, gathering up his duds. Looking about him to be satisfied of his error, he concluded by inquiring what was the expense. He was informed that there was nothing to pay.

'Wal—ole feller—a mistake isn't a hay stack?'

'No—fortunately,' said the collector.

'Wal, I wouldn't ha' b'lieved I could ha' made sich a blunder'—and then insisting that the 'hul crawod should g'out and take a gin'ral drink,' which was declined, he secured his luggage and hastily vamosed, to the no small gratification of the government officials, who had been so queerly startled from their customary propriety.

A YANKEE IN ITALY.

A part of the following story has been related in one of C. Edwards Lester's books, but as that gentleman told but a portion of it, we will venture to give it on the authority of a gentleman who had it from the lips of the sculptor Powers, who was a party to the occurrence.

Powers was one day at work in his studio, at Florence, when a long, slab-sided Yankee dressed in homespun costume, and having a deep weed on his hat, presented himself to the artist, and mentioned his name.

'Mr. Peowers,' said he, 'I come from the State whar you was raised.'

'I am very happy to see you, sir; I am always happy to meet my countrymen.'

'I've heerd you be. Thought I'd jess drop in, and take a look at your nations. Haint much taste for stattiary. But I'm fittin up a house to hum, and I want to take the shine outer all the neighbors. So I thought I'd cum abroad and work off a little of my spar change, and perhaps pick up a few notions. What's that are critter without no close on—nothin but a leetle chain and par of bracelets?'

'That's the Greek Slave.'

'Pretty slick gal. Is that ere cut outer stun?'

'Yes, sir—marble.'

'One piece?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Show! What do you tax for her?'

'I would sell a copy—as I am in want of money just now—for three thousand dollars.'

'Three thousand dollars! Gee-whittler! Stattiary's riz—ain't it? Must be a pooty good business. Shouldn't wonder if I could strip a leetle myself;—always was a pooty good hand at whittlin. Three thousand dollars! Wall, is that the lowest figgir?'

'The lowest, sir.'

'Why, them are folks over the way don't ask but twenty-five for a gal that's bigger than she.'

'Perhaps it is not marble, sir.'

'Yes, it is, though. 'Cos I was skaltkin' round thar, lookin' at the notions, and whittlin' away at a stick, and when nobody wasn't lookin' I jest gin it a dig, and it was the real grit, and no mistake.'

After a pause, he took off his hat which was a pooty well worn one.

'Perhaps,' said he, stroking it affectionately, 'you think I'm in mourning, Mr. Peowers.'

'I thought so, sir.'

'Wall, I aint. You see, this 'ere file was gettin' sort of seedy, an' I thought I'd buy a new one. *But* the critters axed me ten dollars. No you don't! says I. So I went inter another store arter a bit of crape. I've dealt in that article, and know'd jest how much it was worth—Didn't say a word, but made signs, change, and they took it. Took me an hyena skin—ecrin sure. Then I jest wropped her round the old hat, and she looks jest as good as new.'

Another pause.

'Mr. Peowers—seen Gambardini's collection of pictures?'

'Wall, I bought the hull lot yesterday for three thousand dollars.'

'You're rather extravagant.'

'Not a bit on't. You see I'm goin' to pick out the best ones for myself and hang 'em upon the parlors. I've got one or two neighbors that are mighty jealous of me, and want to come up to me if they can. Wall, they'll want to buy some pictures—and I'll let them know I've got a few more of the same sort left. If they go anywhere else, I'll—I'll—that's all. I asked only fifty, but I'll bet you have 'em at cost, with fresh price. So you see I'll get my picters for nothin'—for I won't take a cent less than three thousand dollars for the hull on 'em. Oh, I've got my eye teeth cut, and I tell you. You couldn't take a thousand dollars for that 'ere interestin' young woman in a state of nature?'

'No, sir.'

'Wonder what sort of a speculation it would be to take her home with me? Black, or Pretty good color. Five thousand dollars! Gosh! Jerusalem! Good mornin' Mr Peowers!'

THE FARMER. He is a public benefactor, who, by the prudent and skilful outlay of his time and money, shall make a single field yield permanently a double crop: and he that does this over a square mile, virtually adds a square mile to the national territory; may, he does more: he doubles to the extent the territorial resources of the country, without giving the state any larger territory to defend. All hail, then, to the improvers of the soil! Health and long life to their fortune! May their hearts be light and their purses heavy: may their dreams be few and pleasant, and their sleep the sweet repose of the weary! May they see the fruits of their own labors, and may their sons rear still heavier harvests!

NEGRO ELOQUENCE. A few years ago at a negro Camp Meeting, held near Flushing, the colored preacher in the course of his discourse said, "I tell you my blubbed bredden, dat the debbil is a big hog, an' one of dese days he'll come along here an' root you all out." An old negro in one of the anxious pews, hearing this, raised himself from the straw, and clasping his hands, exclaimed in the agony of his fear, "Ring him, Lord! Ring him!"

AN UNKNOWN WORLD.—THE ENGLISH IN EASTERN AFRICA. Quite recently the English have made a settlement at Aden, near the Red Sea. Having once obtained a foothold, they, English-like, began to push about them, and one of their first discoveries was a river where none was marked on any chart, and up on this they steamed 500 miles without finding the least obstruction. Having now passed around this continent, let us look up into the interior. For half a century the English government have been expending lives, and treasures in a partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold and all sorts of tropical vegetation. There are hundreds of woods invaluable for dying and architectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it for thousands of miles runs a broad river with clear water, and of unsurpassed depth, flowing on at a rate of two or three miles an hour, without rock, shoal, or snag, to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pour into this tributary waters of such volume as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting, perhaps, of a hundred mouths, extending probably five hundred miles along the coast, and nearly broad, deep, and navigable for steamers. Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population.

Far in the interior, in the very heart of the continent, is a nation in an advance state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the country through which the Nigor makes its sweeping circuit are indescribable. In many places its banks rise hold a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegetation of tropical climates. But all this vast and sublime country—this scope of rich fertility and romantic beauty—is apparently shut out forever from the world.

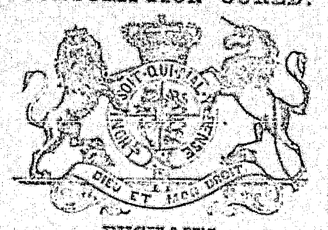
It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursions of the white man there—for over the whole lovely country moves one dread malady, and to the white man it is the "valley of the shadow of death." In expedition after expedition, sent out from the English ports, on the Island of Ascension, not one man in ten has returned alive, all have fallen victims to this seemingly beautiful, but awful country. It seems impossible for an Englishman to breathe the air. So dreadful is it—so small the chance of life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon on condition of volunteering in the service, more terrible than that of galley or prison from the Urals. This country, tempting as it is, can only be penetrated at the risk of life, and it is melancholy to think that those who have given us the meager information that we have, do so at the sacrifice of their lives.

☞ Mr. Clifford, our minister to Mexico, and family, arrived at Vera Cruz, on the 24th ult.mo. and proceeded to the capital the following day.

They sell boots and shoes in California by the piece, and not the pair. A man with one boot is respectable, but a man with two boots is aristocratic.

Judge McLean declines being a candidate for U. States Senator from Ohio.

CONSUMPTION CURED!



BUCHAN'S

Hungarian Balsam

OF LIFE.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION!

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM

ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY

SWEETING OF BLOOD

REMEMBER THIS:

PAIN IN THE SIDE!

BE WISE TO-DAY

Buckfield Branch Rail Road.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the President and Directors of the Buckfield Branch Rail Road Company have called a meeting of the Proprietors of said Road, to be holden at the Store of Ira Berry, in Buckfield, on the Tenth day of March next.

WASHINGTON LONG,
Treasurer of the B. B. R. R. Co.
Buckfield, Feb. 8, 1849. 10

NEW STORE & NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

A. C. DENISON & C. P. TRUE

HAVING FORMED A CONNECTION IN BUSINESS UNDER THE FIRM OF

DENISON & TRUE,

AND having made Large additions to their Store the past Summer, making it now the largest Store in the County, are now receiving from Portland, Boston, and New York

A Large and General Assortment of Goods,

adapted to the country trade, which, in consequence of their facilities for purchasing,

CAN AND WILL BE SOLD LOW;

and they would respectfully invite new and especially their old customers to call and examine their Stock of Goods, as we are confident we will be able to please those that shall call on us. We intend to keep every article usually kept in a Variety Store, some of which may be found

Blue, Black, Brown and Gold Mixed BROAD CLOTHS; Drab and other Cloths for Overcoats
Fancy and Black Cassimeres; Blue Satin, Steel Mixed, Grey, and Blue Satinetts;
Vestings of all qualities and Patterns; Flannels;
DRESS and CLOAK GOODS, such as Merinoes, Lustres, Bombazines, Alpacas, Mohama Stripes, Mouslaine de Laines
Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. Also,
Brown and Bleached Sheetings, of all qualities; Ticklings; Buttings; Red, White, and Orange Flannels,
Glove Lasting; Edgings, and White Goods of all kinds;

Hats, Caps, Buffaloes, Mitts, Feathers.

A Great Variety of BOOTS PAPERS and CARPETINGS. Also—A Splendid Assortment of

Crockery Ware and Looking Glasses; Hard Ware;

W. I Goods and Groceries, Corn, Flour, Nails, Glass, Iron, Steel,

BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER,

RUBBER OVERSHOES, all kinds.

WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPER.

LAMP AND LINSEED OILS, PAINTS, GROUND LEAD, ETC.

WANTED,

10,000 Bushels of OATS; 2000 do. BEANS; 200 do. RYE;
20 Tons of APPLE; 10,000 Pounds of WOOL;
50 Tons of RAGS delivered at Paper Mill at Steep Falls, or at their Store;
20 Tons ROUND HOGS in two or three weeks.

For which Cash in part will be paid, if wanted.

DENISON & TRUE.

Norway Village, Oct. 21, 1848. tf 25

S. TAPP,

WOULD respectfully inform the people of [illegible] that he has opened a

TAILOR'S SHOP

[illegible] Baptist Church, [illegible] and for the present, that he has opened a

SPECTACLES

A Good Assortment of Spectacles for [illegible]

P. ALTON,

Paris Hill, March 22, 1847. 6m9

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner

FOR OXFORD COUNTY.

[illegible]

SCHOOL BOOKS.

GRAMMARS, [illegible] Arithmetics,

[illegible]

CHILD BIRTH.

A VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC WORK

[illegible]

BLANKS! BLANKS!

A PRIME assortment of BLANKS, printed

[illegible]

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Paris, [illegible]

Freedom Notice.

THE [illegible] Guardianship of

WILLIAM HENRY KENDALL,

[illegible]

WILLIAM T. KENDALL.

Attest—SAMUEL A. ROBY.
Greenwood, Jan. 30, 1849. 19

PREPARE FOR WINTER!!

PETER S. FROST,

Fashionable Tailor,

Norway Village,

RESPECTFULLY tenders his thanks to [illegible] and the public generally, for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and would inform them that he has just returned from Boston and N. York with a

Full and Winter Fashions,

and will constantly keep a good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satinetts, and a great variety of Vestings, which he will make up to order in the latest and most fashionable style, and warranted to fit. Cutting done to order, and all work warranted to be done in a workmanlike manner.

☞ WANTED IMMEDIATELY, [illegible]

[illegible] tf 23

Fashionable Millinery.

MRS. E. W. GOODRICH,

RESPECTFULLY informs her old customers, and the ladies generally, that she has just returned from Boston with a new and splendid assortment of

STRAW, SILK, MOURNING, & FANCY

BONNETS,

CAPS, RIBBONS, LADIES' ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, &c.

[illegible] tf 6

PRESSEY & BARROWS,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Furniture, Chairs, &c.

NORWAY VILLAGE, Me.

[illegible]

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

AT WHOLESALE

Corner of Middle and Free Streets

Portland.

T. H. BARKER,

CARVER,

NORWAY VILLAGE.

HAS [illegible]

Wanted Immediately.

E. W. CLARK,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS, OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE.

[illegible]

Sheet Zinc & Lead

FOR sale at the Old Stand of

W. L. GOULD & SON.

Norway Village, Oct. 12, 1848. tf 20

BLANK.

A Prime Assortment of Blanks printed [illegible]

[illegible] tf 21

Stoves! Stoves!!

THE [illegible] for the [illegible]

Cooking, Air-Tight and Box Stoves and Fire Frames,

[illegible]

[illegible] tf 27

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT WORK.

CHILD-BIRTH:

A Valuable Scientific Work upon the Subject of Generation and Child-Birth, by R. M. Wesselhoff, M. D., late of Paris, just published in New York, by the Author.

THIS work contains recently discovered information upon a subject of the highest importance to married persons or those contemplating marriage. It will be found of especial value to those whose means, health, or circumstances, do not permit them to increase the number of their family, without great inconvenience, suffering, or perhaps risk of life. A method avoiding these dangers and troubles at will, recently discovered by a celebrated French Physician, its only communicated in this work, so that any person may avail himself of it at once, without purchasing any instrument, medicine, or other article, from the author. The means of prevention here set forth cost comparatively nothing, are within the reach of all. The process is mere, safe, infallible, convenient, simple, and cannot injure the health of the most delicate. Nor does it curtail matrimonial privileges in the least.

MORALLY CONSIDERED

The object of this work can be shown to be of the highest utility, and sustained by the soundest principles of prudence, political economy and virtue. It shows how a physiological effect may be produced artificially and without injury to the constitution, which thousands attempt to accomplish by the most unsure and reprehensible means. The object is by no means new to the world. The means will be recommended by all scientific, right-minded and sensible people as a discovery in physiology of the highest consequence to public morals and happiness.

THE INSTINCT OF NATURE.

Love, and the desire for union between the sexes, will be admitted, fall of pleasure we may. With our marriages, we have, in all countries, a deliberate act of our own, and the criminal intercourse of the others with marriage, and the more criminal indulgence of the natural instinct, very often suffering and misery of the most dreadful character. We think, shall deny to man, in free agent, the right to marry and to reciprocate the instincts of nature?

YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

Young married people, whose fortunes are not yet established, will find in this work matter to interest them deeply, and information of the highest value, which they should not, on any account, be without. Hundreds of married people, now educated in this, have assured the author that if they had possessed such a treasure in early life, it would have saved them more than half the suffering and deprivation they have since endured.

UNHAPPY WIVES.

[illegible] who feel their [illegible] and health and life unit them to [illegible] the duties of [illegible] to obtain, and [illegible] that which [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] joy. Let all such [illegible] this important work. It will be to them a [illegible] and prevent many [illegible]

HEREDITARY DISEASES.

Scrofula, Consumption, Insanity, Apoplexy, Idiocy, Heart, or Liver Complaint, and many other terrible forms of disease, whether for one or more generations, are [illegible] from parents to their offspring. Let all such [illegible] this important work, and [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] with [illegible] joy.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Early marriages are [illegible] all [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] stop [illegible] and [illegible] clear, [illegible] green [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] OVERPOPULATION OF THE EARTH.

[illegible] the earth [illegible] Belle Ocean, the other [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]